The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE,
ADAM HOY.
[*Subject to the decision of Dem. Judicial Conference.*]

FOR CONGRESS.
ANDREW G. CURTIN.
[*Subject to the decision of Dem. Congr. Conference.*]

For Associate Judge—Chester Munson.
For Assembly—Leonard Rhone. John A. Woodward.
For Sheriff—Miles Walker.
For Prothonotary—Robert G. Brett,
For Treasurer—Charles Smith.
For Register—James A. McClain.
For Recorder—Frank E. Bible.
For Commissioners—A. J. Greist. John Wolf.
For Auditors—Solomon Peck. J. N. Dinges.

Philadelphia is proud of its earthquake. Then shake her again until some of her rings break.

Miles Walker will walk over the course for sheriff and leave his competitor many miles behind.

The Democrats again showed their friendship for the soldier by nominating Chas. Smith for treasurer, who lost an arm in the service of his country.

The Mifflin county democratic convention nominated for congress, Andrew Reed; senate, J. B. Selheimer; assembly, L. D. Brosius; associate judge, Jacob Kohler; sheriff, Adam Weidman.

The next expedition to the north pole will be sent out by Barnum who wants to get the pole for his next show—it will draw a bigger crowd than the white elephant, no doubt.

At last Gen. Grant refuses to accept a thing. The American Political Alliance has offered him the nomination for President, and he refuses. Perhaps they forgot to pay the expressage.

J. C. Harper's run for a third term was a strong one and surprised all. He came within an ace of making it. His popularity as Prothonotary alone made him strong—clever and obliging always.

The Democratic county convention nominated Hon. Adam Hoy for President Judge by acclamation. Judge Hoy deserves this mark of esteem. He is eminently fitted for the bench and his occupancy of the high position since the resignation of Judge Orvis has been marked by dignity, sound and ready judgement, with so clear a view of legal points, that all feel satisfied he will be a safe man to retain upon the bench. His unspotted character and high sense of honor render him all the more fitted to wear the judicial ermine.

The Democratic County Convention of last week was an animated affair. There was much tugging, pulling and buttonholing of delegates and such during the day previous to the assemblage of the convention, and many fellows who thought they had their slate all right found that some other fellow was ahead when the balloting was over. So it goes—we trust all are satisfied and slept well the following night—the writer did, only that dream of brass bands and other organizations coming with their little subscriptions haunted us. Really the way of the candidate—the unsuccessful one—is hard.

"A Voter" wants to know whether the board of Commissioners re nominated made proper efforts to have recovered back into the treasury from the late Sheriff the sums alleged to have been obtained illegally on board, and for removing fish-baskets. The sum obtained for removing fish-baskets was near $700 and overcharges on boarding prisoners some $1500, as claimed by the Auditors, Messrs. Musser and Proudfoot, which, upon examination the Auditors refused to admit, and these amounts were charged back, and so far as any duty devolved upon the Commissioners thereafter, we believe they faithfully discharged it, and obtained back to the county treasury the larger part of the sheriff's fish-basket pay and overcharges on boarding prisoners. The reason "A Voter" may not be aware of these facts is because the Commissioners did their duty without blowing their horn over it, hence many are not aware of it. We shall endeavor to obtain the exact facts in the case and furnish them in a future issue. Suffice it to say the Commissioners did their duty.

AN EXCELLENT RECORD.

A correspondent of the Buffalo *News* after stating the few objections urged against Gov. Cleveland and satisfactorily explained them writes as follows:

1st—He signed the bill creating a bureau of labor statistics so long demanded by the workingmen.

2d—He signed the tenement house cigar bill, which prohibits the manufacture of cigars in tenement houses and which was so largely agitated in Buffalo and other cities three years ago.

3d—He signed the bill abolishing the manufacture of hats in the state prisons

4th—He signed the bill abolishing the contract system in the state prisons.

5th—He signed the bill forbidding the employment of children on contract work in reformatories.

6th—He signed a bill making the laborer a preferred creditor in cases of assignments.

7th—He signed a bill prohibiting the employment of children in manufactories in this state.

8th—He signed the bill to investigate the working of the contract system in our prisons and to provide a labor substitute for the contract system, and appointed Walter N. Thayer, president of state trades assembly, as chairman of the commission.

9th—In 1883 he directed the superintendent of prisons to discontinue the use of the shower bath, the yoke and the crucifix in the punishment of prisoners, and through his instrumentality these means of torture heretofore used in our prisons have been forever prohibited.

10th—He signed the bill to protect widows and orphans from swindling insurance corporations.

11th—He gave his signature to the emigration bill to protect emigrants from extortion and robbery.

12th—He approved the bill to prevent pawnbrokers from robbing the poor and unfortunate.

13th—He signed the bill for the better protection of those who place their earnings in the saving banks.

14th—He signed the bill which provides for the testing of steam boilers, that laboring men might be better protected from accident resulting from the careless indifference of wealthy corporations.

15th—He asked the last Republican legislature to appropriate sufficient funds to allow laboring men to continue work on the new capitol. This the Republican legislatuse refused to do, preferring to squander the state funds on commission and political investigating committees rather than for the benefit of workingmen and as a result of this policy 600 men were thrown out of work on the state capitol not a month ago.

These are measures which the laboring men have asked for years by petition to the legislature; by public meetings and agitation and by appeals to party conventions; and these are the measures which Gov. Cleveland has favored; not on the stump, not in convention, not in promises, but while never promising anything has done everything to advance their interests. And yet a few men, who profess to represent the laboring men, cannot vote for him. What has Blaine or Butler ever done for the workingman? They have been in public life more than twenty-five years, yet their records are innocent of any effort in behalf of the laboring men whose votes, they now ask, as against Gov. Cleveland, who has done more in his short official life of twenty months than all the Blaines and Butlers in this country. Laboring men, stand by your friends. Let no political charlatan sell your vote like merchandise in the markets. Let no man professing friendship for you, dicker your influence to Blaine or Butler, but stand by the only man in public who has dared to do more than he promised.

A SLEDGE HAMMER REMARK.

One of the delegates to the Independent Republican Conference in New York, last week, was Dr. Quimby, of Jersey City, a man of high character and standing in his state, and an ex-Republican member of Congress. He knows Mr. Blaine as well as one man knows another, and in a speech at the Conference, among other things he said: "The Democratic party is not half so dangerous as the Republicanism represented by James G. Blaine. I was in Congress when Blaine was Speaker, and it brought the blush of shame to my face to see that it was the representatives of corporate monopoly who always had his ear. It is our duty to support Grover Cleveland, who has given the great State of New York a period of wise and pure government." Who can say it neater?

When the convention was over on Tuesday of last week, we heard a candidate console himself with the remark, "Well, I guess we are all licked."

When the November election is over our Republican friends may borrow the expression.

GOV. CURTIN.

The masses of the Democracy of this district and of the State desire the renomination of Gov. Curtin for congress.

As far back as 1870 and 1871 Gov. Curtin began to weaken in his Republican faith. He then held a first-class appointment, that of Minister to Russia. In 1872 he resigned this high position and returned to this country and at once identified himself with the Democratic party by entering the Buckalew campaign as one of the most earnest speakers. He came over laying down a position, not asking for one. From 1872 to 1878 Gov. Curtin was active in every campaign, speaking in many states and spending hundreds of dollars out of his own pocket for the good of the party. It was only after six or eight years of this kind of valuable service that he was mentioned for congress and received the nomination in consideration of the great services he had rendered. In congress he at once ranked among the foremost debaters and most influential members, and his speeches have struck the popular heart and his votes have been in the direction of the people's interests.

Let him be re-nominated.

MR. BLAINE'S GREAT OFFENSE.

The *Patriot* says: The story of Blaine's immorality, the truth of which is established by the affidavits of several reputable citizens of Millersburg, Kentucky, certainly puts another hideous blotch on the tattooed man's record. In the catalogue of crime there is no offense against society so dangerous and demoralizing as that with which Mr. Blaine is charged. Next to the murderer there is no criminal so hideous in the sight of moral men as the seducer. This is shown in the fact that since the earliest development of jurisprudence, the killing of a man who has debauched an innocent and pure young woman is condoned by common consent.

But while the charge of committing this grave offense against morality is fastened on Mr. Blaine, it is a matter of congratulation that the democratic papers have not given the filthy and sickening details of the affair to the public. Common decency and consideration for the morals of the reading public are alike promoted by the silence that has been observed. Thus far a single western journal has had the exclusive function of circulating the scandal. No democratic committee and no democratic citizen has given it countenance. It presents the republican candidate in an attitude that should and would repel very many persons from supporting him, but because the public justifies the shooting of a seducer on sight it is not a reason why the first man he meets should become the executioner.

The Democratic county convention last week re-nominated four of our present county officers, namely, Mr. McClain for Register, Mr. Bible for Recorder, and Messrs. Greist and Wolf as Commissioners. These gentlemen discharged their duties during their present terms with such a degree of fidelity that it was thought for the public weal to give them another lease. It was right, they have proven faithful and honest, obliging and prompt, and the affairs of the people for the next term will be attended to with the same fidelity added to which will be the advantages from rife experience. Give them your greatest majorities as servants who were tried and not found wanting.

Will Curtin be the next congressman for this district? This question we answer by asking another, Can the state afford to loose Gov. Curtin in congress?

If left to the popular vote of every county in the district, Governor Curtin would have two-thirds of the Democracy in favor of his re-nomination. But the will of the masses in these counties is thwarted by the clamor of candidates for Congress in each county, and the pernicious complimentary may defeat Gov. Curtin's re nomination when the congr. conference meets.

We can hardly afford to loose Gov. Curtin. His usefulness to the state and nation in national congress demands that he be returned. We know of no man in the district who can fill his place with the same distinguished ability. Centre county is proud of Gov. Curtin, and her Democracy presents his name for re-nomination with rare unanimity.

Don Cameron again has it said that he is not a candidate for re-election to the U. S. Senate. You don't catch a Cameron napping.

"MY DEAR MR. FISHER—I do not feel that I should prove a dead-head (*in this Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad and land grant*) in the enterprise if I once embark in it. I see various channels (*he was Speaker at the time*) in which I know I can be useful. * * * *

Yours respectfully,
[Signed] JAMES G. BLAINE,"

CHARGES SWEPT AWAY.

A Political Scandal Speedily Settled by Independent Republicans of Buffalo.

Slanders upon the private life of Governor Cleveland which have gained circulation have been investigated by independent republicans of Buffalo, and the following report, the result of the inquiry, is now officially given to the public:

To the Independent Republicans of the Nation:

As republicans and independents residing in Buffalo, and having peculiar means of knowledge, we have been called upon by private letter and otherwise for information in regard to the scandals which have been put in circulation respecting Gov. Cleveland's private life. We have felt it to be a duty imposed upon us by circumstances to examine these stories in detail and to make a formal statement of the results. No such examination would have been necessary to satisfy ourselves; but it was due to those who have read the charges against Gov. Cleveland without knowing personally his general character and reputation in this community, and without knowing either the position or means of information of those who have made the charges, that we should not put forth a mere general statement without a previous investigation.

We have therefore, through a committee appointed from our number for that purpose, carefully and deliberately made an investigation, and we have taken every available means to ascertain the precise facts in each case.

The general charges of drunkenness and gross immorality which are made against Gov. Cleveland are absolutely false. His reputation for morality has always been good. There is no foundation for any statement to the contrary. He was sought out and nominated for the mayoralty against his will, and was supported for that position by the large portion of the educated, intelligent and moral citizens of Buffalo without regard to politics, and on purely personal grounds. After he had gone through this contest he was again put forward as one of the most distinguished citizens of Buffalo as a candidate for the governorship, and again received the support of the same class of his fellow citizens. In this community, where he has lived for twenty-nine years, and where his life was known and character well understood, this support would not have been given to him had he either been a drunkard or a libertine. We are able to speak from personal knowledge as his acquaintances of long standing, and to say that his general private life has been that of a quiet, orderly, self-respecting, and always highly respected citizen.

Since he assumed his present office his visits to Buffalo have been few and of short duration. It is susceptible of absolute proof, and has been proven to us, that upon no one of these visits has anything occurred to justify the statements which have been made by his detractors. The charge that he has recently taken part in a drunken licentious debauch in Buffalo on the occasion of such a visit is entirely false.

We have been particularly careful and thorough in our investigations of the alleged betrayal, abduction and inhuman treatment of a woman in this city as detailed in a local newspaper. The circumstances out of which this story was fabricated occurred eight years ago. The woman in question was at that time a widow, between 30 and 40 years of age, with two children, the younger of whom was 10 years old. The facts of the case show that she was not betrayed, and that the allegations respecting her abduction and illtreatment are wholly false. We deem these the only features of the charge in connection with this matter which constitute a public question requiring any declaration on our part.

Our examination of the other charges which have been made against Gov. Cleveland's private character shows that they are wholly untrue. In every instance in which the reports and insinuations have been tangible enough to furnish a clue to guide us in our investigation they have been positively proven to be false.

The attack upon Gov. Cleveland's character is thoroughly discredited when we consider the sources from which it comes. It was first publicly made in Buffalo by a newspaper of no standing whatever. We have twice called upon the editor of this paper and asked him to produce his proofs—the names, and other particulars—which he had publicly stated he was at liberty to show. He declines to do so or to facilitate investigation into the truth of either his own charges or these contained in the anonymous letter which he published. He admitted that he had no evidence to support any accusation against Gov. Cleveland, except in the one instance to which we have particularly referred. He rested his case on that story, and as to that story he is contradicted by the witnesses having personal knowledge.

The two clergymen whose profession has been invoked to give weight to these charges have no personal knowledge of the facts, and under the circumstances could not possibly have such knowedge. They have ventured to state as facts known to themselves stories which rest upon the merest hearsay, and which, when traced to their alleged sources, are in every case denied by the persons to whom they are described.

We have designed to make a candid and judicial statement of the results of our investigation of this matter without partisan coloring. We have not thought it necessary or proper to repeat the charges against Governor Cleveland in detail, nor to present in full the evidence by which they have been disproved.

John H. Cowing, Ansley Wilcox, William F. Kip, Thomas Cary, George P. Sawyer, Ralph Stone, John E. Ransom, Henry W. Sprague, Josiah C. Munro, L. D. Rumsey, G. Barrett Rich, Chas. P. Norton, John B. Olmstead, J. Talman Davis, Henry Altman, J. N. Laarned,

BUFFALO, N. Y., August 9, 1884.

The Democratic committee at Washington claim to have evidence of an attempt on the part of the Republican managers to colonize negroes in West Virginia and Ohio for the October elections. It is charged that Republican emissaries are at work in the South with transportation for hundreds of blacks. It is claimed that nearly all the details have been discovered and will be laid before the public shortly in authentic form.

Lewistown, August 18.—The Mifflin county republicans nominated George S. Hoffman for assembly and Joseph McCulloch for associate judge.

BUTLER'S STORY ON BLAINE.

How Magnetic Jim Crawled out of a Window to Evade Old Ben.

[New York Herald.]

Poor General Butler tells a good story about the promising character of Mr. Blaine. Blaine needed Butler's assistance to be made speaker on a certain occasion. He promised Butler the chairmanship of the Appropriation Committee, and so the General supported him in the caucus. General Butler is not a distrustful man; the understanding was clear, Blaine's promise positive, and he waited without uneasiness for the announcement of the committees. This was delayed some days after the Speaker's election, as usual, and on the day when it was to be made a friend of Gen. Butler whispered to him that Mr. Speaker Blaine intended to give the chairmanship to another man.

The information was so positive that the General became uneasy and determined to see Speaker Blaine before the House should meet to hear the committees announced. After some search he discovered that Mr. Blaine was in a committee room. He went to the door, but was repulsed by the doorkeeper, who told him that entrance was positively forbidden, as speaker Blaine was very busy. General Butler, however, determined not to be outwitted by Blaine. He got a look through the door and saw Mr. Blaine actually sitting at the table, and he determined to wait at the door and seize him, as he must necessarily come out to open the session of the House at noon.

At quarter before 12 Speaker Blaine had not yet appeared, but Butler waited at the door, sure of his man. At five minutes before 12 Blaine had not yet appeared, but as the room had only one door, and General Butler stood at that, the case seemd to be safe.

Finally, at 15 minutes after noon, the General demanded once more leave to enter the room. The doorkeeper said: "Certainly," and flung open the door. Butler walked in and found the room empty.

'Where's Speaker Blaine?" he gruffly demanded. "He's in the House, I suppose," was the reply. The General hurried into the House and arrived just in time to hear another man's name read out for the chairmanship which Speaker Blaine had promised him.

On investgation he discovered that the promising Speaker Blaine, knowing that Butler was waiting for him at the door, had climbed out a window of the committee room, clambered along a ledge of stonework to the window of another room, and out of that he had sneaked into the House and into the Speaker's chair.

It is not long since General Butler told this story to some friends. He admitted that "Blaine is a very cunning fellow" and a first-class promiser—in fact, a very magnetic man; but he thought it was not always safe to trust him.

Do the people want for President of the United States a man who climbs out of the window to get away from General Butler?

The humor of the campaign is increasing and may even become hilarious. Blaine addressed the Grand Army men at Old Orchard Beach, and in the course of his remarks said:

When at last the war cloud burst I had the honor to be the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Patriotism was fervid, confidence was strong, and we younger members of the Legislature—I was but thirty-one years old myself—determined to do something very bold, something that we ventured to hope would be rather appalling to the Confederate Government.

This something was to authorize the Governor to raise ten regiments. After performing this act of marvelous bravery, Blaine's patriotism began to fail rapidly. He was the first person drafted in his district and at once secured a substitute at a cost of two hundred dollars, which sum he afterward claimed from the city, and his claim was allowed. His substitute remained in Augusta until he was detected in selling for money certain certificates, when he was thrown into jail and remained there until the end of the war. While his substitute was engaged in this business, Blaine, on a larger scale, was plundering the Government and enriching himself by lobbying army contracts through to the very man Fisher, of Boston, to whom he protested he had not proved "a dead-head in the enterprise" of getting a land grant extended to a defaulting corporation.

The Republican county convention met at Bellefonte, on Thursday of last week, and made the following nominations:

Judge—A. O. Furst.
Associate Judge—B. Lauth, Howard.
Representatives—John G. Love, Bellefonte; W. W. Allison, Gregg.
Sheriff—H. G. Royer, Miles.
Prothonotary—Horace G. Elder, Halfmoon.
Treasurer—Lewis Hess, Philipsburg.
Register—W. L. Foster, College.
Commissioner—H. C. Campbell, Ferguson; J. C. Henderson, Huston.
Auditor—George Taylor, Bogg; S. H. Bennison, Marion.

R. G. Brett, our nominee for prothonotary, is one of the hardest working Democrats of old Ferguson. The people up there, of all parties, are wild with delight over his nomination. He has stood by our party through weal and woe, and the Democracy owe him one of the biggest majorities.

BLAINE AS A SEDUCER.

The Kentucky Scandal Printed in a Stalwart Newspaper.

Chicago, August 10.—The *Times* this morning prints a dispatch of two columns dated Millersburg, Ky., which charges Blaine with the seduction and subsequent desertion of a young lady while he was a teacher, over thirty years ago, in an institution for the education of boys at Blue Lick, some twelve miles from Millersburg, and both institutions were under the same management.

Anonymous affidavits are printed to the effect that "Miss ———" was seen to be in a delicate condition and accusing Blaine of her ruin. The article concludes: "The affidavits are in the possession of the *Times*, and can be inspected by any one who has a right to look at them."—*Chris. Magee's Pittsburg Times.*

"TELL THE TRUTH."

"Tell the truth" was the prompt and fearless telegram of Grover Cleveland in response to inquiries from friends as to what they should say in reply to the assaults upon him. "Tell the truth" is all he had to say.

When James G. Blaine found that his acts as a trafficker in legislation, while holding the third office in the Government, were on the point of being brought out by the investigation of the Judiciary Committee, his attitude was the reverse of Governor Cleveland. *Suppress the truth and declare a lie* was his appeal to the witness Mulligan.

James Mulligan said he wanted to make a statement before continuing his examination. He said that when he arrived here a note came down from Mr. Blaine requesting the witness and Mr. Fisher to call at his house; witness declined to go, but Mr. Fisher went. After witness testified yesterday, Mr. Blaine called upon him and asked him about some letters which were in his possession, and wanted witness to give them up to him, but witness declined to do so. Witness said Mr. Blaine almost got down on his knees and pleaded for the letters, saying they would ruin him for life, and when witness further declined Mr. Blaine asked him to think of his wife and six children. He besought witness and almost contemplated suicide. He offered to get him a consulship in return for the letters. Witness allowed Mr. Blaine to take them under a pledge that he would return them. He looked them over and did return them. This was in the presence of Mr. Fisher and Mr. Atkins. Witness then retired to his room and Blaine followed him and wanted to look at the letters again. Witness allowed Mr. Blaine to take them, and Mr. Blaine refused to return them and still retains them. There are about eighteen letters.

SPRING WITHOUT BLOSSOMS.

Late in Life to Look for Joy—Yet Never too Late to Mend.

Readers of Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables" will recall the pathos with which poor Clifford Pyncheon, who had been unjustly imprisoned since his early manhood, said, after his release: "My life is gone, and where is my happiness? Oh! give me back my happiness." But that could be done only in part, as gleams of warm sunshine occasionally fell across the gloom of a New England autumn day.

In a letter to Messrs. Hiscox & Co., Mr. L. H. Titus, of Pennington, N. J., says: "I have suffered untold misery from childhood from chronic diseases of the bowels and diarrhoea, accompanied by a great pain. I sought relief at the hands of physicians of every school and used every patent and domestic remedy under the sun. I have found at last in PARKER'S TONIC a complete specific, preventive and cure. As your invaluable medicine, which did for me what nothing else could do, is entitled to the credit of my getting back my happy days, I cheerfully and gratefully acknowledge the fact."

Mr. E. S. Wells, who needs no introduction to the people of Jersey City, adds: "The testimonial of Mr. Titus is genuine and voluntary; only he does not adequately portray the suffering he has endured for many years. He is now perfectly free from his troubles, and enjoys health and life, ascribing it all to PARKER'S TONIC.

Unequalled as an invigorant; stimulates all the organs; cures ailments of the liver, kidneys and all diseases of the blood. 13aug2t

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—There will be exposed at public sale at the late residence of John Love, dec'd, about one mile west of Tusseyville, on Saturday, Sept. 6, the following real estate of said John Love, viz.: A VALUABLE FARM, in Potter twp., Centre county, adjoining lands of Michael Spyker, John Stoner, James Runkle, Joseph McClellan and others, containing about 160 ACRES, mostly of good limestone land, about 14 acres of which are covered with a good growth of Fine Timber, the residue is in a fine state of cultivation, thereon erected a good two-story frame Dwelling House and Bank Barn and other outbuildings. There is an excellent orchard on the place and a well of never failing water. The farm is located in an excellent neighborhood and in convenient access to churches, schools, &c., affording a rare opportunity of securing a most desirable home.

Terms—A sum equal to the cost in the proceeding in partition and expenses of sale, in hand, when the property is knocked off; ⅓ of the residue cash on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in 1 year thereafter with interest, and the remaining ⅓ at the death of Elizabeth Love, the widow of decedent, with interest thereon to be paid her annually during the term of her natural life—said last two payments to be secured by bond and mortgage upon the premises. Sale at 2 o'clock.

OLIVER K. LOVE,
Adm'r of John Love and Trustee to sell.

PETITIONER'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, No. 441, August Term, 1883:—To John Minder or Nathan Minder, Jno. Minder, Jonas Minder, Benjamin Minder, Jacob Minder, Elias Minder, Elizabeth Fleisher, wife of Henry Fleisher, and Henry Fleisher: Notice is hereby given that on the 27th day of August, 1883, the petition of Samuel Bechtol was presented setting forth that on the day of November, A. D., 1841, John Minder conveyed to him a certain tract of land situate in Potter township, Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, thence south 30°, east 158 perches to a post; thence south 38°, west 56 perches to a stone; thence north 30°, west 184 perches to a chestnut oak; thence north 60°, east 60 perches to the place of beginning, containing 60 acres and allowance, and joining lands of John Strohm, R. McKim, and other lands of John Minder, that the said John Minder executed a proper deed for the said premises to the petitioner, but that said deed was lost or mislaid, and praying the said Court to award a subpoena directed to all parties in interest to appear and show cause why said lost deed should not be supplied according to the provisions of the act of Assembly in such case made and provided. Whereupon the said Court awarded said subpoena and ordered an advertisement, giving notice of said application and requiring all persons whom it may concern to appear in Court on the 4th Monday of August next to make their answer upon oath or affirmation to said bill or petition.

J. L. SPANGLER,
Attorney for Petitioner

MY WASTED YOUTH.

Let me alone!
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am weeping the starlight nights that I did not see,
And the starlike eyes that never lit up for me,
The moons that on rippling waters have glanced and shone,
And the tender faces I have not looked upon.
Let me alone!

Let me alone!
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am weeping the merry dances I could not tread,
And the tears of happiness that I did not shed,
The feverish joy, and dumb, delicious pain,
And the lost, lost moments that will not come a gain.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone!

Let me alone!
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am praying for those who have seen their youth go by
With half its sweets untasted, unknown as I,
That God—for as much as He left the first bright page
Of their life a blank—would send them love in their age.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone!

THE PEARL DIVERS.

About norhhwest from Putlam, and distant only a few miles, upon the west coast of Ceylon, was the residence of Sir John Lakin. He had come out from England many years before the time at which we open our story, and engaged in the pearl fishery. He was quite wealthy then, and in this he had an advantage over many of those who were engaged in the same business. He could command the services of the best divers, and he could buy up pearls of those who needed the money. And though he had now amassed a fortune, yet he was still in the business. Money was his god, and he worshipped it devoutly. The baronet's wife was dead, and the only member of the family who was of his own blood was his daughter, an only child. Her name was Bella.

Bella Lakin was nineteen years of age, and was as handsome as her father was avaricious. She did not possess that classic beauty which serves sculptors as ideals of goddesses—but it was a beauty peculiarly her own. It was a beauty of goodness—a beauty that could not have had any life without a warm, noble heart to enliven and soften it. She was short in stature, round and full in frame, with ruddy cheeks and sparkling blue eyes. When she spoke she seemed ready to laugh, for a warm smile was always playing about her lips, and winking in her eyes when her soul was at ease.

One calm, moonlight night, when the fresh sea breeze drove away the heat that had been so burdensome all the day, and the air was filled with the perfume of oriental spices, Bella walked in her father's garden. But she was not alone. By her side walked a youth who had known her long. His name was Allan Wilton. He was an Englishman, born in Calcutta, of poor parents, his father having been a lieutenant in the army. Allan came to Ceylon when only fourteen years of age, and had been engaged as a common pearl diver ever since—being now four and twenty. From his father he had inherited a noble soul, quickness of intelligence and a fine sense of honor. He loved knowledge, and, with Bella's assistance he had had as many books as he wished to read and study. He had been with the baronet now six years, and during that time he had brought up more pearls for his employer than any other two men, if we except one native who been dead now over a year; He was a noble-looking youth, carrying national pride in his soul, and modesty and goodness in his soul and face both.

'Bella,' he said, as they reached the extremity of the garden and sat down beneath a talipot tree, 'I hardly think I shall spend another season in Ceylon.'

'What uttered the maiden, gazing up into her companions' face, as the smile died away from her own. 'Not live in Ceylon? Do you mean to leave us?'

"Yes—I must go.'

'No, no, Allan—you do not mean so.

'I fear I must, Bella.'

'But wherefore? Oh, if you go what shall I do?

'You will find plenty to do.'

'Ay to sit and cry because I am so lonesome. You will not go, Allan—you will not. Tell me you will not.'

'Ah, Bella, you know not what you say. I must not stay.'

'But why not?'

'Why the reason should be plain,' replied the youth with some hesitation, but I can speak as plainly as you wish. I surely will not hide anything from you; though I would rather you should gain the knowledge from your own understanding.'

'But Allan, how can I? What is it? Tell me—tell me all.'

Allan Wilton gazed some moments into the fair girls face, and then said, with some tremulousness in his tone:

'Pardon me, then, for the speech I now make. You know how long I have known you. You know I came here a poor boy, when you were a laughing, joyous girl——'

'And am I not the same now?'

'You may be in that single respect; but, alas! no longer a mate for me. O, I must speak plainly now! Bella, these years I have passed near you have been happy ones, for amid all my toil the light of your smiles has cheered me on. But I am a boy no longer, nor even a youth, as we use the term distinct from manhood. I am a man now, and you have grown a woman. Even now I shall never efface your image from my heart, nor would I if I could. But if I remain longer I shall only become more firmly bound by those ties which must break the heart in rending. O, Bella—good, noble girl—you must see it now. It should be wicked for me to stay. Plainly, now, I tell you—it can do no harm—I love you too well to stay longer. Now you have the truth.'

The fair girl withdrew her hand from the youth's loosened grasp, and bowed her head. She remained thus some moments. Finally she looked up, and the moonbeams were reflected from the pearly tears that had collected in her eyes, and now stood trembling upon the lashes.

'Allan,' she said, in a low, agitated tone, 'I do understand you, and if I have never before thought of this as you now present it, it is because I have been so happy in your company that I have not looked much to the future. For joy, I have only looked to your coming, from hour to hour, and from day to day. But do not leave me now—Oh, do not! I should die if you were gone!'

With these words, spoken at the close in quick, spasmodic tones, she placed her hand upon Allan's arm, and pillowed her head upon his bosom.

'But,' said Allan, trying to be calm, 'why should I stay, when it could only end in misery to us both? Oh, you should know that to live thus we should be unhappy unless we could be united forever—and that cannot be.'

'Why may it not be?' murmured the maiden, without looking up.

'How, Bella? Would you consent?'

'Oh, with all my heart, and all my soul!'

And as the fair girl thus spoke she clung more closely to the noble youth.

For a moment Allan forgot all else but the words he had just heard; but he would not deceive himself.

'Alas!' he uttered, 'I could almost wish I had never known the thing you have told me, for your father will never consent to this—'never!'

'He may—he may,' cried Bella, fearnestly. He loves me, and I do not think he would see me miserable. He has money enough, and—"

'Hold, Bella. I can have as much money as we should ever want. I possess a secret that is worth more than I should dare to estimate. I know of a new pearl bank which no man save myself has yet seen. But your father is too proud to mate his child with a pearl diver.'

Yet Bella was hopeful. She made Allan promise that he would not go away till he could know all, and she even intimated that, rather than live without him, she would follow him.

'Are you crazy, my child? Sir John Lakin cried, as his daughter confessed her love for the poor pearl-diver. 'Marry you with such as he? Preposterous! Why, I should as soon think of seeing you wedded to one of my native slaves.'

'But Allan is good, father, and he is worthy of the hand of any woman in the country. He loves me and I love him.'

'Nonsense, Bella. I have a husband all ready for you! One who can provide for you.'

'Perhaps you mean Condor Sudham,' the girl said.

'Ay—I do mean him.'

'Do you mean to tell me that I must be the wife of that man?' asked Bella, speaking more with astonishment than with fear.

'It is all settled, my child.'

Bella gazed into her father's face in speechless surprise; and no wonder. This Condor Sudham was a scion of a Dutch family that once had a title. He was born on the island, and was now over forty years of age. He was a member of the legislative council, and a merchant, and was one of the most wealthy men in the country. He was a short dumpy, coarse, dark-featured man, well enough as a member of the government, but never made for an affectionate friend. He was married already to his money, and wife and children would only find a secondary place in his heart.

And such was the man the baronet would have his child marry. Sudham had seen Bella often, and he thought she would make a fine addition to his estate. He would take a pride in showing her, and having her preside at his table. But the maiden herself had different opinions on the subject.

'If I thought you were in earnest, father, I should know exactly what to say.'

'Ah, and what would it be, my child?'

'I never can be that man's wife.'

'Very well. You will have a father's authority to contend with, then. Be assured you shall marry him, for so I have promised.'

But the baronet found himself with more work on his hands than he had counted on. Bella grew sad and melancholy, and ere long the truth burst upon him that his child was beginning to lose all love for him. She looked upon him as the tyrant who would crush her and she smiled no more in his presence. He could not help noticing this, and he wished to overcome it; but yet he thought not of granting to his child the holy boon she asked. He looked upon the poor pearl-driver as the only obstacle to his plans. He had no faculty of looking down into the heart. He knew of only two powers of nature—two moral and social executives; one was power of station, and the other power of money. One day he and Sudham sat in council.

'Upon my soul,' said the Dutch scion, 'I must have her for my wife, for I have made all my plans with an eye to that event.'

'And so she shall be, the baronet returned.' She is crazy now with this pearl-diver.'

'Why not send him off?'

'Because I fear Bella would go with him.'

'But shut her up.'

'Yes—I know. But then she would moan and grieve herself away.'

'Then look,' cried Sudham, energetically, for a very happy thought had struck him. 'Why not get him to dive for the great pearl which is sunken close by the Bangale Rocks?'

'But would he do it?' returned the baronet, catching at the idea.

'Make him do it,' suggested the merchant. 'Promise him the hand of Bella if he succeeds.'

'And suppose he does succeed?'

'He cannot. Among these rocks there is a current running so swift and furious that no mortal can withstand it. Over twenty of the best native divers have lost their lives in pursuit of that pearl. I have seen logs of wood sunk near these rocks, with something attached to them to sink them, and in a few moments the surface of the water would be covered with splinters. I tell you if he dives there he comes not up alive.'

'Very well,' returned Lakin, after some thought; 'if you say so, so be it.'

'I do say so, and let it be done as soon as you please.'

And so it was settled.

This pearl after which Allan was to be requested to dive, was one which had been taken some years before on a bank not far from the rocks. Three divers were out, and all three of them were under water together, when an oyster of extraordinary size was seen. It was brought up and opened, and within was found a pearl as large as a robin's egg. As the boat was nearing the shore a dispute arose among the divers as to who should receive pay for the pearl. From words they passed to blows, and in the struggle the oyster was lost overboard. It sank near the rocks, and as the oyster was dead, it could not have moved away by any volition of its own.

'No, no, no!' cried Bella, after Allan had informed her of the ordeal her father had given him to pass. 'You shall not do this. Oh, all who have tried it have died!'

'But it must be so,' returned the youth, calmly and firmly. 'Your father has given me his solemn word, in presence of the conncillor, Sudham, that if I bring him up the pearl I shall have your hand. If I die so let it be; but I feel that I shall not. Last night I had the most pleasant and promising dreams, and I have not a single fear in the prospect. Think: If I succeed—you are mine forevermore. Oh, we will not look beyond this! And listen: I think I hold a secret that none of the divers have fairly considered. They have always taken the time of the whole ebb of the tide, thinking that the water would be more still then; but I am sure that the most quiet time at the bottom is after the tide has begun to come in. At the ebb, there is surely a mighty current whirling around those rocks, induced by the subterranean channel; but when the tide has turned, and been half an hour on the flood, I think the water is more calm below, though it surges so furiously at the surface. But do not dissuade me. I know the undertaking is perilous; but what is my love for thee, if I would not risk my life to gain it?'

A vast crowd were collected about the shore opposite the Bangale rocks. The story of the strange trial which was to come off had become known among the people, and they had assembled to witness it. The chief magistrate was there, and other magistrates of that section. Bella was there with her father, and she was pale and trembling.

The hour had come—the moment of the clear ebb—but the pearl-diver was not yet present. Nearly half an hour passed away, and the people begun to imagine that he would not come. But just as the murmur was becoming general, a boat appeared, coming around a distant point, in which were three men. One of them was Allan Wilton. He stood in bow of the boat, and his bearing was firm and sure. He was dressed in a close-fitting garb of oiled silk, with a simple skirt of silk about his loins which reached half way to his knees.

At length the boat stopped, and there was a hushed stillness upon the shore. The water was in wild commotion, and the surges lashed madly among the rocks

'Oh, he shall not dive! gasped Bella, clasping her hands in agony. But her father bade her be still.

Four stout oarsmen rowed the boat to the spot where the youth wished to stop, and there they held it. He did not reach the place where the water hissed and boiled, but stopped at some distance from it. A few moments the light bark trembled close by the mighty caldron, and then the youth stood upon the bow. He cast one glance upon the fair form that now leaned upon the baronet for support and then he closed his hands above his head and prepared to dive. There was a low murmer upon the shere, like the rumbling of a distant storm, and every eye was eagerly fixed upon the noble form. In a moment more, the diver left the bow of the boat, his body vibrated an instant in the air, and in the next the troubled waters had closed over it.

Bella Lakin stood with hands firmly clasped, her eyes fixed with a wild, vacant stare upon the spot where the youth had gone down, while every muscle and nerve in her frame seemed fixed as marble.

The minutes passed—one—two—three—and there was a quiver in Bella's frame and her hands worked nervously upon her bosom. The color now left her lips, and a more deadly had overspread her countenance.

But look! There comes a shadow upon the surface of the water—the element breaks, and a human form arises. It is the pearl-diver! He shakes his head smartly, and then strikes quickly out, with one hand firmly closed. But he goes not toward the boat. He turns his head to the shore, and his strokes are long and stout.

Bella started eagerly forward, and then sank back again. Her lips moved, and an earnest of thanksgiving went up to God!

The pearl-diver landed and walked proudly up to where the baronet stood.

'Sir John,' he said, 'your long-sought prize is gained, and so is mine. Here is the pearl!"

He extended his hand as he spoke, and in it was one shell of the hnge oyster. A filmy, muscular substance still adhered to the shell, and in the midst of it was the massive pearl!

'It is not the one!' uttered Condor Sudham.

'No—it cannot be!' responded the baronet.

'Let me see!' shouted an old diver, working his way through the crowd.

'I am the one who first found it, and I know it well for I not only opened the shell and thus killed the oyster, but I measured the pearl. Ha! 'tis the one—the very one! and here is where I notched the shell in opening it. Gentlemen this is the pearl!

'Sir John,' now spoke the chief magistrate who had stood close by the baronet, 'you cannot retract. By my soul, he must be a wretch indeed who could snatch reward from such devoted love and matchless daring.'

'Ay, ay!' shouted a hundred tongues.

'It must be the pearl,' the baronet uttered. He looked up as he spoke, and found that his child was already clasped within her lover's embrace, and that upon his bosom she was weeping in frantic joy. He dared say no more.

Condor Sudham cast one look of intense chagrin on the happy couple, and then turned away.

Within a week Allan Wilton held Bella to his bosom, and she was his for life; and within the next week he gained permission to fish for pearls during one year in any place which was not yet let out. He engaged his divers, and went out to the place of which he had once spoken to Bella, and there he went at work. People wondered at the vast supply of pearls he gained, and great effort was made to buy him off. But he maintained his exclusive right for the season, and at the expiration of that time stood second only to Sir John in wealth among all the men of the country. But this was only secondary in his life-cup. That one prize, which he gained when he went down amid the mad waters of the Bengale, was the brightest jewel in his crown of life—the "pearl of great price."

Annoyances.

The arrows of much sarcasm are discharged at the bill collector. Surely, he is an unwelcome visitor, but deserves quite as much sympathy as the man on whose spirits he throws a wet blanket. After climbing three flights of stairs, the collector enters the othce of the colonel.

"What is it, young man?"

"I have a little bill here from Nogins & Company," handing him a piece of paper.

"Well," taking the bill and looking at it, "I'll step in sometime during the week and pay it."

"That's what you said last month colonel."

"That'll do; I'm busy and don't want to be bothered."

The collector enters a lawyer's office.

"I've paid this thing once, says the lawyer.

"No, you said that you would pay it, but you haven't done so yet."

"That'll do, sir. I transact my business with the firm and don't need any assistance."

"When shall I come again?"

"Never mind: I'll settle the bill."

Then the collector calls on a very polite man.

"Come in, sir; come in. Have a seat."

"Haven't time to set down. I have a little bill here."

"Yes. Well, I declare, I intended to come around and settle it. The fact is, I haven't any money at present, but if you'll call round to-morrow afternoon, I'll probably be able to pay you. Good morning," and, as the collector retires, the polite gentleman muses. "To-morrow afternoon. Have an engagement in the country."

The collector stops a man on the street and presents him a bill. The man frowns and says:

"I never pay bills on the street. If you want to see me on business, why don't you come to my office?"

Shortly afterwards the collector enters the office. "Here you are again. Don't give a man any chance at all."

"You said you transacted business in your office."

"Never mind what I said. I shall tell your employers of your impudence. No use for further conversation. That'll do. I'm busy."

No, the bill collector's life is not without its annoyances.

Artificial Flowers.

It is only within a comparatively recent period that the manufacture of artificial flowers has reached its present large proportions. These beautiful productions of artistic skill are extensively used for decorative purposes. "Clothiers buy our flowers a good deal to decorate their stores and to give away with suits," said a prominent manufacturer:

"They are also used in theatres for scenic effects and by photographers for backgrounds. We get up many funeral designs, but our heaviest business is during the holiday season. Rosebuds, pansies, forget-me-nots, calla lillies, heliotropes, smilax, rose leaves, ferns, etc., are favorite wedding presents, and these flowers also form a part of the bridal trouseau. They likewise often form the canopy under which the marriage ceremony is performed. Ladies are fond of these flowers to wear in the corsage, and the use of natural flowers for personal ornament is much lessened in consequence. Hanging baskets, pots, vases and window bowls are growing in popularity. Our materials are muslin, satin and velvet; wax for plants, and starch and other ingredients for stiffening. It would be impossible to say how many persons are employed in the business in this city. There are some 150 establishments, great and small, in the different branches of the trade. The number of employees must amount to several thousand, the great majority of whom are women and girls, only the colorers and cutters being men. The girls put on the wires and do the pressing. They become fair workers in two years and skillful in four or five years. It is a well paid trade, and a girl who has become an expert can earn twenty dollars a week. Of those who attempt to learn the business, about twenty per cent. prove unfitted for it, and have to drop out."

Westminster Abbey.

Westminster Abbey remained unchanged from the reign of Edward the Confessor to Henry the III. This monarch tore the entire edifice down and replaced it with the "most lovely and lovable thing in Christendom" erected at cost of half-a-million. During the reign of the Edwards, improvments were constantly being made and the name was finished in the reign of Henry by the Lord Mayor of London, so well and widely known, from the nursery story of Dick "Whittington and His Cat," in time to allow the *Te Deum* to be sung in it when the triumphant processions swept through the Abbey after the victory of Agincourt. Henry VII built the chapel, which is known by his name, and Abbott Islip built a portion of the western towers shortly afterward. More than two centuries afterwards Sir Christophers's men completed Islip's work by finishing the towers. The edifice is not yet complete, as the square central tower requires a lofty spire to complete it.

Shaving.

It is safe to say that nine out of ten of the men one meets on the streets in our cities shave, or rather are shaved. Some shave the mustache, some the chin and some the cheek. Indeed, one must go into mathematics, to the tables of permutations and combinations, to find how many varieties of shaving are possible. Woman is accused of being the party who devotes her time to appearances and the frivolities of the mirror, but after all man does his share of it. The reason he escapes the charge is that he blandly sets down his decorative works as being a matter of necessity. And it is true that shaving is a very old custom, nor have we anything to say against it, except that it is unnatural, and is, and should be acknowledged to be, a concession to the looking-glass and to vanity. But the point is that old as is the art it is a singular thing how few know how to shave. Nearly all men shave in the "passive voice." This may be taken as the grammatical phrase or as an acknowledgment of the voice of the barber they have to endure. Each signification is true. And while nearly all men consent to refer their shaving to a few who make it a business, only a fraction of that few understand their art. There is a financial blunder at the bottom of it that makes trouble all through. The dogma that a shave is a shave is a mistake. One man with a stiff beard and a full face will choose to have his whole expansive countenance clean shorn; another will have only his upper lip. To each it is a "shave," and each is charged alike. One may require thirty minutes attention, the other ten minutes. The first will dull a razor, the second not affect its edge. To each it is ten cents. Now a barber's working day we will assume, is ten hours long. If he is occupied three-quarters of the time he must be busier than usually appears. This gives him seven hours labor, and if he struck a day of half-hour faces, his whole receipts would be $1.40. If his luck gave him ten minute cases he would take in $2.10. Even this would not pay were it not for the seductive side issues—the hair cuts and shampoos of the trade — that brings in more per hour than the fundamental industry. Now, as the price and circumstances of shaving go, it is a constant hurry to finish a man, as shaving scarcely pays at the best; and, if he is one of the most absorbing subjects—full shave and stiff beard—it is a loss to work upon him. To shave him carefully costs too much time and the edge of the razor. To skim over his face, cutting off sections of beard here and there, and leaving odd oases of hair along the deserts of the cheek, saves the razor, but spoils the person who pays for the operation, and who should not be entirely forgotten. The scale of prices ought to be regulated by what one gets, and barbers ought to have the courage to charge for what they do. This done a revolution in the art, would follow. Speed would not be the great aim. Attention could be given to the removal of the beard, which in olden times it was as important to remove as the lather, and the man who went out of the barber shop would leave satisfied, instead of hoping that next time it might be better. We recommend these considerations to the trade without charge for advice. Shaving is a custom of civilization; scalping is a token of savagery; playing with soap bubbles is a game of childhood. It is now a matter of luck which of these operations falls to the barber's patron today.

A German Village Wedding.

The village church, where the wedding took place, is on the top of a little craggy hill. The church is very old, built of gray stone, with a square tower and an odd-shaped belfry. The stony path led through the graveyard to the church door. The chime of bells rang out with a decorus joy. "Let all things be done decently and in order," they seemed to ring: "not too fast; we are staid people and take time for all things." The interior of the church was cold and severe looking, the walls white-washed, but the galleries painted pink and blue. The long, narrow windows seemed set in stone arches, so thick was the wall. The pulpit above the altar was as high up as the galleries, so that the minister preaches far above the heads of the flock. On one side of the altar hung a portrait of Luther; on the other of Melanchthon.

The wedding took place at midday. First came a troop of little girls, each carrying in her hand tiny bunches of flowers. The little things, with their braided hair (no hats) and dresses almost touching the floor, looked as quaint and demure as the little woman in the old-fashioned picture books. Next came the bride and one bridesmaid, then three bridesmaids walking together, lastly the groom and groomsmen. The bride and bridesmaids entered a pew to the left, the groom and party one to the right. All knelt in prayer. Then the bride went by herself to the altar, laid on one side a white silk handkerchief, a sprig of rosemary and a lemon! I wondered to myself if the lemon was emblamatic of the sourness of married life. She then returned to the pew. I noticed that there was on the other side of the altar another white silk handkerchief, sprig of rosemary and a new Bible.

The choir sang quite a long hymn. The minister went up into the pulpit and preached a sermon of about twenty minutes. The choir sang another hymn. A little boy placed a long, low stool before the altar. The minister descended, and the bride joined the groom at the altar, the bridesmaids and groomsmen remaining in the pews. At the close of the ceremony the minister presented the groom with the new Bible. The choir sang still another hymn. Then the bride returned to her pew and the groom to his and said their prayers, after which the groom and groomsmen left the church and were not joined by the bride until they were quite out in the churchyard. It seems the silk handkerchief, lemon and rosemary on one side of the altar were for the minister. On the other the gift was for the organist.

By The Dial.

They had been sitting on the promenade deck for more than an hour, when she suggested that they go down stairs and look at the machinery. He agreed, and an old lady who sat near by and heard the conversation rose up and said:

"Young man have you any objection to my going along? I've allus been crazy on the subject of machinery."

He replied that he would be delighted and she followed the couple to the main deck.

"This, I suppose you know," began the young man, "is the main shaft."

"Yes—yes—came from the State of Maine," twittered the young lady.

The old woman stuck up her nose but made no remarks.

"That up there is the walking-beam."

"Oh, is it? How nice! You wouldn't think it could walk, but of course it does!"

The old woman put on her spectacles to get a better look at the girl.

"That rod you see there," continued the young man, "is called an eccentric."

"How funny! But why shouldn't it be? There are eccentric people, and why shouldn't there be eccentric rods? I presume it gets cranky sometimes. Go on, George."

"I don't believe it!" muttered the old woman.

"And that is called a steam chest, my dear."

"Oh! is it? I've always wanted to see one. They put their steam in there so as to keep it cool and nice. It's the same principle as a refrigerator. Yes, George."

The old woman removed her specs and began to look as mad as a cow on a sand-bar.

"That thing up there is called a steam-dial," said George.

"Oh, how nice! I've read of it somewhere in Shakspeare's works. I see the pointer is at 80. My! but who'd believe we were carrying eighty tons of steam! George, if we blow up you must save me—indeed, you must. What's that glass thing?"

"It's a water indicator."

"Oh, I see. It indicates that we are on the water. How grateful we ought to be to the geniuses of America for these inventions!"

Here the old lady started to leave with a "kumph!" of disgust, but the young man called:

"Madam, you are not interested?"

"Look a-here, young man!" she exclaimed as she wheeled around; "mabbe you kin make a fool of that innercent young gal, and mebbe she delights in it, but when it comes to stuffing old hens with chopped straw it won't go down! Pass on! I'm a walkin'-beam myself and I'm going to walk."

And away she sailed, carrying forty-pounds of steam by the dial.

Brazilian Caju.

"I have wondered," remarked a gentleman who recently returned from Brazil, "why importers of tropical fruit never made an effort to introduce the delightfully cool and refreshing caju of Brazil in this city. The caju grows wild and is cultivated in that country. The caju tree hardly rises to the dignity of a tree, but its branches are wide spreading and its leaves larger than those of the rubber tree, of a brilliant green color and oval shape, and shine as if they were varnished. The bloom is on the extremities of the branches, and is a small, pale yellow flower, growing in clusters.

"One variety of the garden caju, when ripe, is as large, as a Bartlett pear and shaped something like it. Some varieties are bright yellow, some deep red, and others yellow, with pink colored cheeks. The flesh or pulp of the caju is more tempting in appearance than that of any fruit I ever saw, but it is never eaten. It is for the juice alone is prized. In this it is much more prolific than the juiciest orange. It is the custom of the Brazilians to suck a caju before breakfast, but at any hour of the day the juice is delightful. It is sweet and delicious, slightly astringent, and a wonderful allayer of thirst. The juice of one caju is more grateful to a thirsty person than a goblet of the purest water.

"The wild caju which grows profusely in the forests, is small and acrid, and is gathered by the natives for wine making. The wine made from it resembles in taste an ordinary claret sweetened with sugar, and is a popular beverage among the poorer people. A peculiarity of the caju is its seed, which grows on the outside of the fruit, and hangs from its larger extremity. The seed is in size and appearance like a large kidney bean. The kernel is surrounded by a pulpy covering, which secretes a powerful fluid acid. Whenever this touches the flesh a painful blister will form at once, similar to that made by dropping burning particles of a parlor match on the hand. By roasting the kernals, however, this troublesome property of the seed is destroyed. The roasted kernels of caju seeds are as popular in some parts of Brazil as peanuts are here, and taste very much like them. In roasting the kernels great care is exercised in preventing the smoke that rises from them from touching any part of the flesh, for whenever it touches a most irritating inflammation is the immediate result. If the smoke enters the eyes it will destroy the sight. "The caju has almost as many varieties as the American pear, and it would certainly become a popular fruit if introduced here."

Goddess of Cholera.

There is at Calcutta a temple devoted to the goddess of cholera, and it contains a curious idol. This consists of a carcass with a vulture preying upon it, and the bird supports the goddess, Oda Behee, who sits with her hands folded. On the right is Munsha, the goddess of serpents and near her Shiva, the destroying principle; on the left is Sheetola, the goddess of smallpox and a disease which swept off a million persons in Europe between 1869 and 1872; but the scientific value of its decisions and the hygienic value of its recommendations are at present unknown quantities.

Joy is the greater side of man.

A LITTLE PREVIOUS.—They were talking across the lunch table about a prominent Eastern man who married his cook within six months after his wife's death, and one of the gentlemen observed:

"If that is the case I want nothing more to do with him."

"But he was pinched, you know," protested a second.

"How?"

"Why, he had been cleaned out by a deal in oil, while the cook had made $60,000 in wheat."

"Oh—ah—I see. That alters the case. One must protect his commercial integrity, even if he marries his washwoman with the crape on his hat. Still, I should have advised him to put up a reasonable margin on pork, and held the cook off for three months longer."

The Big Brewery.

Mr. J. Hirsch, College Point Brewery, L. I., N. Y., writes that he employs a large number of horses and hands, and having tried St. Jacob's Oil, the great pain-cure, for rheumatism, aches and pains of his men, and for galls, splints, thrush, wind-galls and other affections of his horses finds it superior to all remedies, and would not be without it.

PASTOR—"Yes, my dear sir, there is high authority for believing that riches, if not a sin, are at least a bar to entrance into external bliss."

Wealthy Bachelor—"Dear! dear! I did not suppose that passage about the camel and the needle was to be taken literally."

Pastor—"But it is."

Wealthy Bachelor—"I must reduce my wealth; allow it to be returned to general circulation and once more become poor."

Pastor—"Noble man! Will you found a memorial church?"

Wealthy Bachelor—"Oh, no! I shall get married."

"MA," said the small boy, as they were taking the train out of town a few days ago, you'll see something funny when we get back." "What will it be?" inquired his mother. "Why, all the building's will be a different color." "Nonsense, child, what gave you that idea?" "Well, pa told Mr. Smith last night that when you and me went away he was going to paint the town red," and then he wondered why his mother wouldn't let him stand up on the seat or buy him any candy.

Solid Comfort.

Every one likes to take solid comfort and it may be enjoyed by everyone who keeps Kidney-Wort in the house and takes a few doses at the first symptoms of an attack of Malaria, Rheumatism, Biliousness, Jaundice or any affection of the Liver, Kidneys or Bowels. It is a purely vegetable compound of roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in kidney troubles. Added to these are remedies acting directly on the Liver and Bowels. It removes the cause of disease and fortifies the system against new attacks.

ALMSHOUSE STEWARD — "What was your former occupation?"

New Inmate—"I was a barber, sir."

"A barber? It certainly should not take much physical strength for that work. Why don't you keep at it instead of coming to an almshouse? Are you not still able to shave a customer?"

"Yes, but I would starve at it."

"That is strange!"

"You see I am bald."

"What has that to do with it?"

"I can't sell any more hair restoratives."

IF you happen to notice a young man with a merry light in his eye, and a roll of manuscript under his arm, entering the office of a newspaper, and shortly after emerging with a haggard expression of countenance, but still clinging to that manuscript, you can wager your existence that he is a college graduate, who was going to spring upon the public a grand and moral theory, and also that the theory had no spring in it.

The Testimony of a Physician.

James Beecher, M. D., of Sigourney, Iowa, says: "For several years I have been using a Cough Balsam, called Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and in almost every case through my practice I have had entire success. I have used and prescribed hundreds of bottles since the days of my army practice, (1863) when I was surgeon of Hospital No. 7, Louisville, Ky."

"ARE there no times," said a man, entering the office of a busy editor, "when you can write better than at other times?" "Yes." "Ah, I thought so. That men who write must consult their mental condition I have no doubt. Now, tell me, when can you write best?" "When I am alone," the editor replied, but the bore, on whom the hint made no impression, continued to talk until the exasperated newspaper man suggested that a section of the wall swung on hinges.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

PHYSICIANS say that medicines given to an infant to make it sleep are exceedingly injurious. We don't think so; the rest of the family are much more comfortable.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"YES, my boy," said Mr. Malaprop to his son, "animals that eat meat are carboniferous, while those like ourselves, that eat both flesh and vegetables, are amphibious."

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

THIS is the season when the men have their hair cut so short that their wives can use the top of hubby's head for nutmeg graters.

AN old-fashioned and most delicious way to preserve strawberries is to scatter sugar over the fresh berries; sprinkle them bountifully with sugar as if you were to serve them at the table; let them stand two or three hours, then drain off the syrup which has formed, let it boil up for two or three minutes, put the berries into it and let them remain there until they are thoroughly scalded; then remove the berries, draining them, spread them on plates, and set them where the sun and wind can find them. Bring them in at night and set in the oven; if this is warm, two or three days will harden them sufficiently so that you can put them away in glass jars, sprinkle a little dry sugar over each layer; cherries and plums may be prepared in the same way, and if any syrup is left in the kettle it may be boiled until thick and be poured over the fruit after that is on the plates.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

TO PRESERVE PLUMS WITHOUT THE SKINS.—Pour boiling water over large egg or magnum bonum plums; cover them until cold; then pull off the skins. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a teacup of water for each kind of fruit; make it boiling hot and pour it over; let them remain for a day or two, then drain it off and boil again; skim it clear and pour it hot over the plums; let them remain until the next day, then put them over the fire in the syrup; boil them very gently until clear; take them from the syrup with a skimmer into the pots or jars; boil the syrup until rich and thick; take off any scum which may arise, then let it cool and settle, and pour it over the plums. If brown sugar is used, which is quite as good except for green gages, clarify it.

The Record of the Fairs.

The superiority of Wells, Richardson & Co's., Improved butter Color over all others made, is again demonstrated by its record at the Autumnal Fairs. The test of practical use is what tells the story, and the great value of the premiums given by the Agricltural Fairs, lies in the fact, that the judges in these cases are regular farmers, who know what their needs are and what will supply them. Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Color, which has taken first premium at all fairs where exhibited, is put up in a vegetable oil so prepared that it cannot become rancid, a most important property, the lack of which is fatal to so many of the Butter-Colors offered for sale. It does not color the butter-milk; it imparts a bright natural color, which is unattained by many others; and being the strongest is the cheapest Color in the market.

CARROTS AND CREAM.—Choose very small carrots, scrape them well, cut them in halves, and blanch them for two minutes in salted water; put them into a stew-pan with some butter, add a little salt and sugar, let them fry gently until the moisture is reduced; sprinkle a little flour over them, add a small quantity of good white stock; let it boil and remove to the side of the fire; when the carrots are done, thicken them with the yolks of two eggs beaten smooth with milk or cream and add a pinch of grated nutmeg and a piece of butter; as the butter dissolves dish them up.

The Middlesex Co., of Lowell, Mass., recently began suits against some New York firms for imitating the "silk hangers" used to indicate the genuineness of their standard blue flannels and yacht cloths, the superiority of which has been long established in the clothing trade. By this means inferior flannels were sold as genuine Middlesex. Before coming to trial the firms compromised by paying the Middlesex Co. $11,000 in settlement.

A DELICATE and nourishing dish is made of one pint of perfectly sweet cream, one heaping tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a little water, a wine-glass of port wine or of brandy, with sugar enough to suit the taste. Heat gradually and when almost at the boiling point, or indeed, just after bubbles begin to rise remove and pour into a bowl, or mould; flavor with lemon or vanilla unless you prefer the brandy flavor.

☞ Pretty as a picture. Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes, for Silk, Wool, Cotton, &c., 10c. each. A child can use with perfect success. Get at once at your druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

LIMA BEANS are now in market. They must be dropped into water that has been salted and is just beginning to boil. A tablespoonful of salt to every two quarts of water. Cook till tender.

SOME one asks how fruit jellies can be preserved from mold. If the surface is covered one-fourth of an inch deep with loaf sugar, finely pulverized, they will keep in good condition and no mould penetrate.

A baldheaded man, who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers. Carboline will supply the demand.

THE livers of chickens and turkeys are nice fried with a few thin slices of bacon. Cut the liver and bacon very thin; season with pepper and salt. This is a good breakfast dish.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

COFFEE pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick room are excellent deodorizers.

AMERICAN—"Do you mean to say that you have actually abandoned your large estate in Ireland and come to America to begin life anew?"

New Arrival—"Yes, it is true."

"But I understand that you owned a great many acres, and that the land is very fertile. What did you raise principally?"

"Rents."

"Ha! ha! I forgot that in Ireland the land-owners don't do their own farming. But what did your tenants raise?"

"Cain."

"The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll reach the conscience of the king."

And equally true is it that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" (the original Little Liver Pills) are the most effectual means that can be used to reach the seat of disease, cleansing the bowels and system, and assisting nature in her recuperative work. By druggists.

FIRST NEW YORKER—"How did you hurt your arm?"

Second New Yorker—"I missed the last boat from Bedloe's Island the other night, and while wandering around in the darkness I stumbled and sprained my wrist.

First New Yorker—"Ah, I see. You must have fallen over the Bartholdi pedestal."

Any Small Boy, with a Stick,

can kill a tiger,—if the tiger happens to be found when only a little cub. So consumption, that deadliest and most feared of diseases, in this country, can assuredly be conquered and destroyed if Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" be employed early.

AMATEUR TRAGEDIAN—"Yes, sir; I claim that the mantle of Forrest has fallen on me."

Unsympathising Stranger—"Indeed! How you must suffer."

Amateur Tragedian—"Suffer?"

Unsympathising Stranger—"Yes, it fell from such a height, you know."

Dyspepsia, liver complaint, and kindred affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"WHAT is this?" asked a bore of a western editor, as he got up to examine a long strip of paper pasted on the wall; minutes for a new dictionary of profanity?" "Oh, no," replied the editor, nonchalantly; "that is only a list of adjectives to be applied to my esteemed contemporaries during the election campaign."

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of Bladder. $1. Druggists.

"INDEED, I'd like to see a woman who would blow me up as Sprigg's wife blows her husband up," remarked a Cottage Hill man on Tuesday. "I know of a woman who might," suggested a bystander. "Who is it, I'd like to know?" "Dinah might."

HAY-FEVER. I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to all Hay-Fever sufferers, it is, in my opinion, a sure cure. I was afflicted for 25 years, and never before found permanent relief.—W. H. HASKINS, Marshfield, Vt.

HAY-FEVER. I have been a Hay-Fever sufferer for three years; have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms. I used it, and with the most wonderful success.—T. S. GERR, Syracuse, N. Y.

"WHAT do you think of Brown's case?" asked White. "Do you think he'll win?" "No," replied Bass; "the result will be a disagreement of the jury." "What makes you think so?" Why, Brown, you know is a confirmed dyspeptic. Nothing agrees with him."

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

STUFFED PEPPERS: Get the large bell pepper, cut out the stem end carefully, take out the seeds, then fill with the following: One very small cucumber, a spoonful of picalilli, and a tiny green tomato, then place the end of the pepper back and run a common wooden tooth-pick through the top of the pepper, thus securing its contents, place them carefully in a jar or firkin, heat sufficient vinegar to cover them, with a small piece of alum to each quart of vinegar, when boiling hot turn over them and close tightly, and when cool place them in a cool place.

QUINCE JELLY. — Take clean nice parings and seeds, Put them in your porcelain kettle, cover with water and cook until very soft, drain through a flannel bag (without squeezing), boil the juice from twenty minutes to three-quarters of an hour; you cannot tell when it is boiled enough unless you cool a little of the juice; do not put sugar in until the juice begins to be thick; skim off all the froth that rises, for on this depends the purity of the jelly.

IT is not known to every woman, but it is a fact that matting can be sewed together; a stout thread is needed, and the edges must not be drawn too closely together, as of course there must be no seam, but simply a joining of the edges.

A MOST excellent dish for dessert is made of a cake about an inch and a half deep after it is baked. The cake should not be rich. Put a light meringue on the top; brown this in the oven; cut the cake in square pieces and serve warm with wine sauce or with lemon sauce. The sauce must be at the boiling point, and it should be poured around the cake so that it will penetrate it readily. If properly made this is delicious.

APPLE JELLY. — Wash and quarter the fruit without paring, and put in a kettle and cover with water. Boil till perfectly soft, strain off the juice and to every pint allow a pint of sugar. Don't put in a spoon after the sugar dissolves. Boil an hour or more, or until it jellies. When done strain through a flannel bag. I prefer straining when the jelly is about half done, following directions as given in plum jelly, then when my jelly is ready to congeal I heat my jelly glasses, first with lukewarm water, then boiling and pour the jelly right in. After it cools fasten them up.

A CONNECTICUT peach grower thins out his fruit, cultivates his orchard, manures with commercial fertilizers and trims his trees every year. The result usually is that he gets better crops than before, while the extra quality of the fruit brings higher prices for it in market.

A TEASPOONFUL of borax in the last water in which clothes are rinsed will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily. This is especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid away for two or three years.

Although a great improvement was made in the ferro-prussiate process for the reproduction of drawings in giving blue lines on white ground, it was never quite satisfactory. It has been superseded by a process which, indeed, requires a lithographic press for printing off the copies, but which otherwise is effected by means of the same apparatus as the "blue" copies. This process, which is now adopted by the Belgian department of Ponts et Chaussees, affords black lines in printer's ink on a white ground. A zinc plate is coated with Jews' pitch, thinned with organic acids. The tracing is placed over it in a frame with glass above, as in the ferro-prussiate process, and exposed to the sun. The pitch becomes hard, except where protected by the black lines of the tracing. The plate is washed, which has the effect of removing the portions still soft that have not been protected by the lines. Acid is then poured over the plate, which bites into the lines, as in ordinary etching, and the plate is polished to give sharpness to the lines. Any number of copies may then be struck off with printers' ink, as in copper-plate printing. The plates may be prepared in the office, and sent to a copper-plate printer for the requisite number of copies to be struck off.

A Smyrna letter says: "The horses of Palestine are shod with a shoe that covers the bottom of the foot, except a slight opening sometimes in the centre, without calks and turned up behind. This flat shoe is nailed on with three nails, having large, projecting heads answering as calks on each side close together near the toe. This method of shoeing the horse is necessary to protect the whole foot from the endless confusion of sharp rocks or stones which fill most of the roads. The horse picks his way carefully and lifts and plants his feet delicately and yet quickly among the rocks, rarely hitting his toe or failing to find the one secure footing within reach. He is a perfect mountain horse when under the saddle and put down to work, but the moment he reaches camp and is left where he can get close to his associates he is ready to try his teeth or his heels.

Oil Marks.—Good housekeepers are frequently annoyed by oil marks on papered walls, against which careless or thoughtless persons have lain their heads. These unsightly spots may be removed by making a paste of cold water and pipe clay or fuller's earth, and laying it on the surface without rubbing it on, else the pattern of the paper will then likely be injured. Leave the paste on all night. In the morning it can be brushed off and the spot will have disappeared, but a renewal of the operation may be necessary if the oil mark is old.

According to Professor Loomis, of Yale College, the average diameter of violent storms in the United States is 1587 miles, and in the Atlantic Ocean 2022 miles. Severe storms in the interiors of Europe have nearly the same geographical extent as those which occur on the Atlantic.

Cherry stain for fine wood is thus prepared: Boil until dissolved four ounces of annatta in three quarts of water in a copper kettle; put in a piece of potash of the size of a walnut; keep the whole on the fire half an hour longer, and then the stain is ready for use.

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS, 62 Mercer Street, New York

VARICOCELE

or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. Often the unsuspected cause of Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., quickly and painlessly cured by the Elastic Cradle-Compressor, $6. Glove-fitting. Circular Free. CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

The Great Remedy, cures Boils, Pimples, Sore Eyes, Scrofula, Malaria, and all Blood Diseases.

R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's, PITTSBURG PA.

HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Crick in the Back, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Chest, Kidney Troubles and all pains or aches either local or deep-seated. It Soothes, Strengthens and Stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gums—clean and ready to apply. Superior to liniments, lotions and salves. Price 25 cents or 5 for $1.00. Sold by druggists and country stores. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Company*, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

A GREAT SUCCESS

☞ The best family pill made—Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25c. Pleasant in action and easy to take.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 50cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

Nervous Debility Quick permanent cure. Book free Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., N.Y.

A Great Problem.

—*Take* all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines*,
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures*,
—Take all the *Ague*, Fever and bilious *Specifics*,
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *revivers*,
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short*, take all the best qualities of all these, and the *—best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that *—Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all *—concentrated*
—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or *—combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

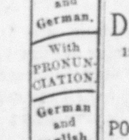
I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A WORKINGMAN.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

THE **WATCH** Guide for the public. Explains sorts, care, cost, cleaning, repairing, etc. Price, 10 cents. Address PUBLIC WATCH CO., Dealers, Jobbers and Publishers, Waltham, Mass.

5.000 ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE. Address H. R. HALE, 850 Manchester, Conn

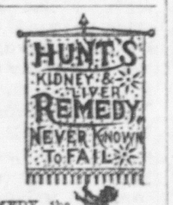
RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. H. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 831 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.



..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints
and Weaknesses so common
*****to our best*****
FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.
It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. For sale at druggists.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER, BLADDER, AND URINARY ORGANS, DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, PAINS IN THE BACK, LOINS OR SIDE, NERVOUS DISEASES.



By the use of this REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their strength, and the blood is purified.

It is pronounced by hundreds of the best doctors to be the ONLY CURE for all kinds of Kidney Diseases.

It is purely vegetable, and cures when other medicines fail. Over 100 Physicians in the State of Rhode Island on record testifying in its favor and who prescribe it regularly.

English and German. With PRONUNCIATION. German and English. The BEST and Cheapest.

NEW American DICTIONARY. 1232 Pages. Price $1.50.

NEW American POCKET-DICTIONARY. 624 Pages. Price $1.00.

For Sale by all Book- and News-Dealers. TAKE NO OTHER.

Morwitz & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

FISH SEINES ShotGuns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc. Large Ill. Catalogue free. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WORMS

In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE

An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. ☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. ☜

FITS STOPPED FREE Insane Persons Restored by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER

For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished

Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a patient:)—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N. Y.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City, at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealer. ☞ Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters etc. Sample outfit free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

R.R.R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will, in a few minutes, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, SUMMER COMPLAINT, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that instantly stops pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, sprains, bruises, bites of insects and pains of all kinds. Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS, FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent, The Great Blood Purifier.

For cure of all chronic diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat, purifies the Blood, restoring health and vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

Radway's Regulating Pills

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Perfect, Purgative, Soothing, Aperient, Act without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Pain in the Back, Loss of Appetite, Languor, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by druggists.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren, Cor. Church St., New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

To the Public.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Consumption Can Be Cured!

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS.

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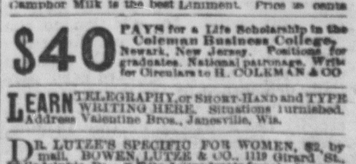

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Aug. 20, '84

ARTIC CANNIBALS.

Awful Story of Greely's Camp at Cape Sabine.

Washington, August 12.—The shocking stories of cannibalism on the part of the members of the Greely Artic Expedition, as they appeared somewhat in detail in the New York *Times* to-day, created a great sensation in Washington. One of the dead sergeants, Cross, was buried in the Congressional cemetery, and it is remembered as a suspicious circumstance, calculated to strengthen belief in the horrible disclosures, that the New York authorities telegraphed to the friends of the deceased not to open the casket containing the remains under any circumstances. It is also regarded as suspicious that the frozen corpses should have been encased in iron coffins weighing seven hundred pounds or more and bolted together with fifty-six bolts, almost beyond the possibility of opening.

The sufferings and privations of the men in their canvas hut during the long, bitter winter of '84 have not half been told. It has been published that after the game gave out early in February they lived principally on sealskins, lichens and shrimps. As a matter of fact, they were kept alive on human flesh. When the rescuing party found the half-starved survivors their first duty was to look to the two men who were insensible from cold and privation, even to the point of death. One of them, a German, was wild in his delirium.

"Oh," he shrieked as the sailors took hold of him to lift him tenderly, "don't let them shoot me as they did poor Henry. Must I be killed and eaten as Henry was? Don't let them do it. Don't."

The sailors were horrified, but at once reported the man's words to Commander Schley. After a brief investigation he felt satisfied that the poor fellow was speaking the truth, and that some of the men who perished had been stripped of their flesh to keep the surviving comrades alive. Mr. Schley proposed to make thorough work of it. When the horrible reality was brought before an investigating committee he did not propose to have it rest solely on his oral testimony. He instructed two or three gentlemen, among whom was Dr. Ames, the Surgeon of the Bear, to make a careful examination, and put their conclusion in writing. This was done, and the reports are now in the hands of the Navy Department. Lieut. Greely was decidedly adverse to having the bodies of the buried dead disturbed. He thought it wise, as they had been buried so long, to let them remain in their artic graves. Commander Schley did not a agree with him. The bodies were dug from their gaves in the little hill just back of the camp established in October, 1883. Most of the blankets contained nothing but heaps of white bones, many of them picked clean. The remains could be identified only by the marks on the blankets. By inquiries Commander Schley discovered that many of the seventeen men who are said to have perished from starvation had been eaten by their famishing comrades. It was the one last resort. Provided supplies had not arrived, death stared the hunger and crazed men in the face, but there was hope if life would hold out for even a few weeks. It is reported that the only men who escaped the knife were three or four who died of scurvy. The amputated limbs of men who afterward perished were eagerly devoured as food.

HENRY'S TRAGIC DEATH.

Charles B. Henry's death was particularly tragic. He was a young German, without any relatives in this country, and joined Company E, Eighth Cavalry, in Cincinnati. His friends tried to dissuade him from going with the expedition, but his spirit of adventure was aroused by tales of artic exploits, and he determined to go. Driven to despair by his frightful hunger Henry saw an opportunity to steal a little more than his share of rations, and he made the attempt. He was found out and shot for his crime. In the published official report the death of this man is set down as having occurred on June 6th. When the body was found his hands and face, though shrunken, were intact and recognizable; but nearly everywhere else the skin had been stripped from him and the flesh picked from the bones. Even his heart and lungs were eaten by his comrades. One rib was found shattered by a bullet, and to another small fragments of lead were attached. A bullet hole was found in the skin.

COWBOYS KILL NINE MEN.

Helena, Montana, August 10.—Meager particulars are received of another slaughter of horse-thieves in the Muscleshell region, 150 miles northeast of here, by cowboys. While in pursuit of stolen horses, a log-house was discovered in the timber on the mountain side. It was secretly watched a day or two, during which time several small parties of men came and went, some by day, others by night, having in possession horses, evidently stolen. It becoming evident that it was a horse-thieves' rendezvous, cowboys congregated, and last Monday night crawled up close to the house and attacked fourteen horse-thieves, about the premises at the time. Nine were killed and five escaped. The cabin was set fire to and burned. There never was a period in the history of this or any other Territory when so much horse-thieving was going on. Citizens have determined to effectively stop it. Fully fifty thieves have been hanged or shot in the past month.

TWENTY PERSONS DROWNED.

Pesth, August 11.—Later reports regarding the great storm of yesterday show that it was more severe than at first anticipated. In addition to the damage reported in previous dispatches comes the intelligence that the villages of Zebegony and Oroszy have been partially demolished by the storm, and that twenty persons were drowned by the rapidly rising waters of the Dannbe, while a number of barns and outhouses, cattle, horses and other live stock were swept away.

Don't fill the system with quinine in the effort to prevent or cure fever and ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is a far more potent preventive and remedy, with the advantage of leaving in the body no poisons to produce dizziness, deafness, headache, and other disorders. The proprietors warrant it.

POACHING IN ENGLAND.

There is no parish in England without its poacher, and in some two, three, or more, may be found. I do not speak of occasional transgressors of the game laws, as idle fellows out upon Sundays or holidays, who spend them in the capture of game partly for the pot, but as much by the way of pastime. These are poachers, punishable and punished all the same; but they are not accounted in the catagory of the regular, or as he is often styled, "professional" poacher. True, he does not style himself so, only by his deeds having earned the designation; instead he generally pretends to have some trade or other industry, and ostensibly practices it during the day. When night comes on, down go his trade tools, and in their place arming himself with nets, wire-snares, gins and gun, he is off to the game preserves. But there is also the poacher *pur sang*, who disdains all such subterfuge, regardless of reputation as of law, who for his livelihood depends solely on the sale of the game he may capture. Not such a poor dependence is it, either; considering that hares sell for over a dollar each, pheasants the same, partridges a dollar and a half a brace, and woodcocks two dollars a couple. True, these are the retail prices; but the licensed game dealer himself—he must be licensed—has to give figures close up to them, whether he purchases from the owners of preserves or otherwise. He is not supposed to negotiate with the poacher at all, though he often undoubtedly does; and as the traffic is illegal, with as much danger to the buyer as the seller, the reduction in price is not so great as might be supposed. In any case, the poacher receives a fair remuneration; and the more when his dealings are direct with the consumer, as they generally are. He can almost always dispose of hare or pheasant, to the semi-gentility residing in villas, and the shop-keepers of the towns; beside, there is never wanting in any neighborhood a publican who makes surreptitious game-dealing a speciality, and is ready to act as his "fence" and receiver. It will thus be seen that he has no difficulty in finding a market for his commodities; and, supposing him to take only a single hare or pheasant in the night, greater are his gains than those of the poor laborer who toils all day for a scant two-shilling wages. From a night's poaching, however, there will frequently accrue many heads of game; hence the temptation to follow it as a profession.

ENDURANCE IN THE WATER.

Man and animals are able to sustain themselves for long distances in the water, and would do so oftener were they not incapacitated, in regard to the former at least, by sheer terror, as well as complete ignorance of their real powers. Webb's wonderful endurance will never be forgotten. But there are other instances only less remarkable. Some years ago, the second mate of a ship fell overboard while in the act of hoisting a sail. It was blowing fresh; the time was night, and the place some miles out on the stormy German ocean. The hardy fellow, nevertheless, managed to gain the English coast. Brock, with a dozen other pilots, was plying for fares by Yarmouth; and as the main sheet was belayed, a sudden puff of wind upset the boat, when presently all perished except Brock himself, who from four in the afternoon of an October evening to one the next morning, swam thirteen miles before he was able to hail a vessel at anchor in the offing. Animals themselves are capable of swimming immense distances, although unable to rest by the way. A dog recently swam thirteen miles in America to rejoin his master. A mule and a dog, washed overboard in the Bay of Biscay, have been known to make their way to shore. A dog swam ashore at the Cape of Good Hope with a letter in his mouth. The crew of the ship to which the dog belonged all perished, which they need not have done had they only ventured to tread water as the dog did. As a certain ship was laboring heavily in the trough of the sea, it was found needful in order to lighten the vessel, to throw some troop horses overboard. The poor things, my informant, a staff-surgeon told me, when they found themselves abandoned, faced round and swam for miles after the vessel.

RELIGIOUS DOGS.

The famous St. Bernard dogs are very carefully trained. A traveller who visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard, a few years ago, found the monks teaching their dogs from the earliest stages of puppyhood. Not only is physical and mental training included in this teaching, but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. At mealtime the dogs sit in a row, each with a tin dish before him containing his repast. Grace is said by one of the monks, the dogs sitting motionless with bowed heads. Not one of them stirs until the "amen" is spoken. If a frisky puppy attempt to sample his meal before grace is over one of the older dogs growls and gently tugs his ear. The intelligence displayed by these animals in rescuing unfortunate travellers among the mountains is absolutely wonderful. Many a man who lays down to sleep in a snow-drift owes his life to the sagacity of the St. Bernard dogs.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20	p m
"	Harrisburg	3 20	a m
"	Montandon	5 47	a m
"	Williamsport	7 25	a m
"	Jersey Shore	7 57	a m
"	Lock Haven	8 25	a m
"	Renovo	9 35	a m
" arr at	Erie	6 00	p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30	a m
"	Harrisburg	8 10	a m
"	Montandon	10 39	a m
"	Williamsport	11 45	a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 45	p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40	a m
"	Harrisburg	11 25	a m
"	Montandon	1 32	a m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 35	p m
"	Lock Haven	3 55	p m
"	Renovo	5 05	p m
"	Kane	9 25	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 05	p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 10	p m
"	Harrisburg	3 25	p m
"	Montandon	5 50	p m
"	Williamsport	7 19	p m
"	Lock Haven	8 05	p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 15	p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00	a m
"	Jersey Shore	7 29	a m
"	Williamsport	8 10	a m
"	Montandon	9 10	a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 30	a m
"	Philadelphia	3 15	p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 00	a m
"	Renovo	10 05	a m
"	Lock Haven	11 15	a m
"	Williamsport	12 55	p m
"	Montandon	1 36	p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 48	p m
"	Philadelphia	7 25	p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	1 55	p m
"	Renovo	10 40	p m
"	Lock Haven	11 45	p m
"	Williamsport	1 00	a m
"	Montandon	2 05	a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 20	a m
"	Philadelphia	7 50	a m
WMPT AC'N leaves	Renovo	3 40	p m
"	Williamsport	6 25	p m
"	Lock Haven	5 00	p m
"	Montandon	7 49	p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25	p m
"	Philadelphia	3 05	a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.
Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.
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Manufactured only by us, has given such universal satisfaction that it now stands as high in the estimation of farmers as articles that cost much more money. In fact it gets the preference, for the simple reason that it is the cheapest Ammoniated Bone Super Phosphate ever offered. Cheapest because it is one of the best, and only costs $25 per ton, in new bags, delivered on board car or boat at Philadelphia.
BAUGH & SONS,
Sole Manufacturers,
20 So. Del. Ave., Philadelphia

New Store
NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS
LOW PRICES!
HARPER & KREAMER,
Centre Hall,
Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,
—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS
NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE.
OILS AND PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES.
COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,
We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.
COME AND SEE US.
All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

Steam
Bending Shops.
AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.
All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent bounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.
11oct y J. B. REAM & SON.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward. 1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	8.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.55	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00	ar.	11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar. 5.30	

	Leave Eastward. 2 A.M.	4	6	8 P.M.	10 P.M.
Spring Mills		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laureiton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		P.M. 12.10	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
				A.M.	
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv. 5.25		8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar. 5.40		ar. 9.10	ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CLEVELAND Agents wanted for authentic edition of his life; written at his own home, with his co-operation and assistance, by the renowned Goodrich. Largest, cheapest, handsomest, best. Elegantly illustrated. Costs more per copy to manufacture than the other lives that are sold for twice its price. Outsells all others ten to one. One of our agents made a profit of $30 the first day. A harvest of gold will be realized by every worker. All new beginners succeed grandly. Terms free, and the most liberal ever offered. Save valuable time by sending 25 cents for postage, etc., on free outfit, which includes large prospectus book. Act quickly; a day at the start is worth a week at the finish.
23jul2m H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me

Consult Dr. BUTTS (Dr. La Barge, successor to)
In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilitic and Mercurial Affections, Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Delicacies Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.
(Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.)
Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Pres't and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 920 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 30 Years.

VITAL QUESTIONS ! !

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the World for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always ?

And they tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of Hops ! !"

Chapter I.

Ask any or all of your most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu ! !"

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you :

"Mandrake ! or Dandelion ! !"

Hence when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

Chapter II.

"Patients

Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, of liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy ! !

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excrutiating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula,

Erysipelas !

"Saltrheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail"

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

$11,950
IN CASH
GIVEN AWAY

To SMOKERS of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco.

This Special Deposit is to guarantee the payment of the 25 premiums fully described in our former announcements.

The premiums will be paid, no matter how small the number of bags returned may be.

Office Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.,
Durham, N. C., May 10, 1884.

P. A. WILEY, Esq.,
Cashier Bank of Durham, Durham, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—We inclose you $11,950.00, which please place on Special Deposit to pay premiums for our empty tobacco bags to be returned Dec. 19th. Yours truly, J. S. CARR, President.

Office of the Bank of Durham,
Durham, N. C., May 10, 1884.

J. S. CARR, Esq.,
Prest. Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

DEAR SIR:—I have to acknowledge receipt of $11,950.00 from you, which we have placed upon Special Deposit for the object you state.

Yours truly, P. A. WILEY, Cashier.

None genuine without picture of BULL on the package.

☞ See our other announcements.

An Old Soldier's
EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for **throat and lung** diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

FOR HELP Women WHO ARE NERVOUS AND LACK VITAL ENERGY.

The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electric Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for Men only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without drugging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

PRICES from $4 upwards. Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.

AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., 1103 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

J. C. BOAL,
Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer,
Centre Hall, Pa Office in Penns Valley Bank building. may7 y

LADIES' MEDICAL ADVISER.—A complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated; 2postage paid for 10 two-cent stamps. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at home. Worth its weight in Gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. Address, NUNDA PUBLISHING CO., Nunda, N. Y. 6aug3m

DO YOU KNOW
THAT
—LORILLARD'S CLIMAX—
PLUG TOBACCO
with Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing; NAVY CLIPPINGS, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered? 6aug y.

THE COWBOY.

"I shall never forget my first introduction to a cowboy," said David Van Drouver, of Cleveland. "It was in the heart of Texas. I had been traveling all day, and coming up with a little shanty, called a tavern, toward evening, I determined to stop there for the night. My horse was put in the barn, or rather tied to a stake in the middle of the prairie, and then I went into the 'hotel.'

"There was only one room with a dry goods box at one end, which served as a bar. I was told that I might bunk on a buffalo robe which lay in the corner. Being very tired, I soon fell asleep, but in the middle of the night was awakened by some one kicking me in the ribs. 'Get up thar,' said a gruff voice. 'What—what's the matter?' I asked, somewhat timidly. 'I want you to get up and take a drink with me, and be purty quick about it, too,' was the reply.

"Through the dim light of a smoky kerosene lamp I could faintly see the figure of a man, which, with one look, I knew to be a cowboy. 'But I never drink, my friend,' said I. 'Now look ahere, stranger, no man ever refuses to drink with me more than once in his life,' he answered, suggestively touching the butt of one of his revolvers. I concluded that discretion was the better part of valor in this case, and so, without any more ado, I rose and took a drink.

"When we had finished I offered to treat also, but he wouldn't have it. He said he only wanted to see if I thought myself too good to drink with him. 'Well, what do you think of me?' he asked, putting hands upon his hips and staring me plump in the face. 'Well, sir,' said I, 'I don't know as I have known you long enough yet to form an opinion.' 'Come now, that won't go down. I want to know what you think of me, and you might as well answer now or forever close your clam,' and again his hand fell upon his revolver. As I had no shooting-irons with me, they being under the buffalo robe, I saw that I must answer him quickly. 'Well,' said I, 'from all appearances I shouldn't wonder if I thought just as much of you as I do of the President of the United States.' 'Bully for you, take another swig,' and again I was obliged to swallow the rot, one dose of which was enough to kill any ordinary man. After this that man was one of the best friends I had."

WORLD OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

A thousand years ago, and for a long time after, the world was not all the geologized, botanized, zoologized, and mapped-out earthly ball it is now. There it lay, according to the imagination of men and women of those days (or rather, according to the ideas of the monks; for the men, and far less the women, of those distant times troubled themselves very little about matters of this kind, but left it to the churchmen to meddle with such dangerous book-learning) a flat plain, full of things mysterious and unknown; and out of the four corners, through the gaps of four mountain ranges, which were placed there to keep it steady, blew the four winds of heaven! Of course, the centre of it all was the little town, and county, parish, manor, barony, or kingdom where they dwelt; but outside of that was no man's land. It was looked upon by our remote forefathers in much the same light as it is by the Chinese, who, while making maps of the Flowery Land on a scale so large as to show the ground plan of every town and village, mark all the countries outside of that magic boundary of theirs as "inhabited by barbarians." "It was the land of the infidel," the people said, as they piously crossed themselves at the thought. All was mysterious to the travellers of that age. The unknown lands were full of dragons and giants, rocs, orcs, witch-whales, griffins, chimæras, Paynims, Saracens, Emirs and Sultans, Kaisers of Constantinople, of Ind and Cathay and Cipano. What a choice was there then for a young traveller, a good knight, and a proper man withal! If he had a mind, he could steer his way to Lapland, where (as all the world knew) dwarfs forged chain-armor of magic links, and where witch-whales and ice-mountains roamed about the chilly sea; or go south, and join the Varangiad Guard in Constantinople, or beard the Turk in Palestine; or into Egypt, and win the Prince's daughter by killing a great dragon, as did St. George; or down to Cordova, where there were dire magicians; or into the the forrests of Brittany, where beauteous fairies sported—kindly immortals who loved to be wedded to mortality—who emptied his water-jars at night and filled them with good Rhine wine ere down of day. He might even marry one, as did Sir Thomas, and pass a few years in Fairyland!

It is good, no doubt, to be strong; it is wiser to be the master of our fortunes than their slave. The truth is obvious enough. But we are not all strong, God knows; let us still be thankful for that divine gift of pity—tender and loving pity—the heritage of the outcast; the last possession of the disinherited, of the unsuccessful, who, owning this, yet know something, even on this earth, of the very kingdom of heaven.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnance.

Young, old and middle-aged, all experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, scald-head, or with any scrofulous tint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.

HOW SCREWS ARE MADE.

The process of making screws is a very interesting one. The rough, large wire in big coils is, by drawing through a hole of less diameter than itself, made the needed size. Then it goes into a machine that at one motion cuts it a proper length and makes a head on it. Then it is put into sawdust and "rattled" and thus brightened. Then the head is shaved down smoothly to the proper size and the nick put in at the same time. After "rattling" again in the sawdust the thread is cut by another machine, and after another "rattling" and a thorough drying the screws are assorted by the head (the fingers of those who do this move almost like lightning,) grossed by weight and packed for shipment. That which renders it possible for machines to do all this is a little contrivance that looks and opens and shuts like a goose's bill, which picks up a single screw at a time, carries it where needed, holds it until grasped by something else and returns for another. This is one of the most wonderful pieces of automatic machinery ever seen, but it has done its distinctive work at the rate of thirty-one screws a minute, although this rate is only experimental as yet. Ninety-three gross a day, however, has been the regular work of one machine.

LINCOLN AS POSTMASTER.

Very few people, probably, are aware that Abraham Lincoln was once a Postmaster at a country settlement called New Salem, near Springfield, Ill. In rummaging among some old papers in the Post Office Department the other day, the documents showing a settlement of his accounts were found, and by reference to the records it appears that on the 7th of May, 1833, when he was about 24 years old, he was appointed to succeed Isaac Christman as Postmaster, and filed a bond of $500, with N. Alley and A. Trent as sureties.

He served from that date till the 30th of May, 1836, but it was more than six months before his accounts were settled, there having been a dispute with the Auditor of the Treasury, who finally decided in Lincoln's favor, and a draft for $208.36 was sent to him in care of the Postmaster at Springfield, Ill.

The Post Office at New Salem was abandoned, and the people at the cross roads were compelled to go to Springfield for their mail, else Lincoln might have served longer in the post. His compensation for nearly four years amounted to only $845.

HEIGHT OF A STANDING TREE.

Any person, however ill informed, might easily get at the exact height of a tree when the sun shines, or during bright moonlight, by marking two lines on the ground, three feet apart, and then placing in the ground on the line nearest to the sun a stick that shall stand exactly three feet out of the soil. When the end of the shadow of the stick exactly touches the furthest line, then also the shadow of the tree will be exactly in length the same measurement as its height. Of course, in such a case, the sun will be at an exact angle of forty-five degrees. Measurements of this character could be best effected in the summer, when the sun is powerful, has reached to a good height in the heavens, and when the trees are clothed with living green so as to cast a dense shadow. To many to whom this idea may not have occurred, it might be made annually a matter of interest thus on warm summer days to take the height of prominent trees, and so to compare growth from year to year.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

Some idea of the vastness of this *Miche Sepe*, as the Indians called the Mississippi, may be gained from a statement which I quote from a recent article. "Its length from Lake Itasca to the Gulf of Mexico is more than one-eighth the distance round the world; its basin exceeds a million square miles." Nevertheless no idea of beauty can be attached to the lower part of this Father of Waters, with its low-lying banks; even the majesty of its breath is lost sight of as one glides through it, brown and turbid, and watches waves of liquid mud roll from the bow of the boat. Dickens has told us of the sluggish, filthy river, whose turbid and loathsome waters brought disease and death to the poor settlers at Eden. But though he in no way exaggerated the foul appearance of the water, and believed in calling it filthy he was correct, it is probably more free from actual filth than many a river of bright running water.

THEY JOINED.

A good story comes from an Anglo-Indian station. A sub-lieutenant took sick leave and spent his leisure in steps preliminary to getting married. The Colonel heard of the indiscretion and peremptorily telegraphed: "John at once." With the fatal order in his hand the youth proceeded to say farewell to his betrothed. But the young lady was more intelligent in military matters. "I am glad that the Colonel approves the match," she said; "but why is he in such a hurry?" The sub-lieutenant was still too literal for the fair one, who had further to explain that "join at once" meant "marry immediately." The result was that in forty-eight hours the Colonel received the following reply per telegraph: "Your orders are obeyed. We were joined at once."

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY,
11jan tf Druggist.

Whitmer & Lincoln

HAVING LEASED THE GRAIN-HOUSE OF SMITH & CO., at COBURN, PENN'A.

FOR A TERM OF YEARS ARE PREPARING TO PAY CASH FOR

WHEAT, WHEAT, WHEAT,
RYE, RYE, RYE,
BARLEY and CORN, &c.
COAL, SALT & FERTILIZER.
For Sale

Coburn, Pa., August 1, '84. 6aug3m

NEW SHOE STORE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A VERY FINE SELECTION OF

Boots, Shoes and Slippers,

OR ANYTHING ELSE IN THE BOOT AND SHOE LINE, SELLING AT UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS. HIS STOCK IS THE

Largest Best and Cheapest,

EVER BEFORE KEPT IN CENTRE HALL CALL AND SEE. DON'T FORGET THE PLACE, IN THE HOTEL BUILDING.

JOHN MULLEN,
23apr1y Centre Hall, Pa.

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Cleveland** By Chauncy F. Black, Lieutenant Governor of Penn'a. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Democratic party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; revenue reform; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Hendricks.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest, and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once.

THAYER, MERRIAM & CO.,
6aug10t 833 Arch St., Philadelphia.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS,

Why ?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

☞ *SOLID PROOF OF THIS.*

IT WILL SURELY CURE **CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,** By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby **CLEANSING the BLOOD** restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time **PERFECTLY CURED.**

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.
☞ Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

Read what the people say concerning the ability of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to cure asthma, catarrh, croup, colds etc. Mrs. Dora Koch of Buffalo, says: "For croup it is decidedly efficacious." [Mrs. Jacob Mellsor of Marion Ohio, says the same thing.] S. S. Graves, Akron, N. Y., writes: "Had asthma of the worst kind, took one dose of Thomas' Eclectric Oil and was relieved in a few minutes. Would walk five miles for this medicine and pay $5 a bottle for it." Druggist C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: "Cured an ulcerated throat for me in twenty-four hours." "Sat up in bed and coughed till the clothing was wet with perspiration. My wife insisted that I use Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The first teaspoonful RELIEVED me." E. H. Perkins, Creek Centre, N.Y., Thomas' Eclectric Oil is also a TIP-TOP external application for rheumatism, cuts, scalds, burns, bites, bruises, etc. When visiting the druggist, ask him what he knows of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; if he has been long in the drug trade, be sure he will speak highly of it.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

50c -THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL-$1.00

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Paynes' Automatic Engines & Saw-Mill.

OUR LEADER.

We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 24-inch arbor, 3 changes feed; sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swage, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.

B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 200 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers.

Elmira, N. Y., Box 1427.

SANITARIUM, Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures Nose, Throat, Lungs, full illus, 35 p., route, cost, free.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE. 250 pgs. Illustrated. CALL that the doubtful curious or thoughtful send to Howe, Cloth gilt 1 gilt bldg 50 cts, paper 25c. Marriage Guide, 1/4 pr 10c, sent sealed, money or stamps.

DR. WHITTIER 202 PENN AVE. PIT. SBURGH, PA.

The great specialist, Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage, Consultation and Pamphlet free.

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Furniture and Bedding !

THE LARGEST STOCK !

THE LOWEST PRICES !

Give us a Call,------Satisfaction Guaranteed,

J. BRACKBILL'S SONS,

Spring St.,————Bellefonte, Pa.

——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX

THE PASTILLE

Prof. Harris' Radical Cure FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN

CIRCULAR Sent FREE

A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

Read What a Patient says of it:

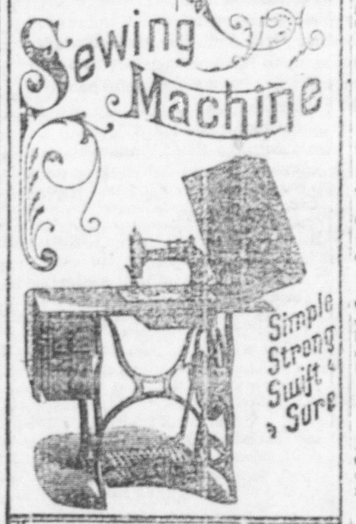
"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that "while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely rotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 25, 1881

The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS, 306¼ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months 7

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME Sewing Machine



Simple Strong Swift & Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HAS NO EQUAL NEVER OUT OF ORDER.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.

CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.

FOR SALE BY

J. Q. A. Kennedy, Agent, Centre Hall, Pa.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,
On L. & T. R. R
FINE SUMMER RESORT.

Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.

TERMS REASONABLE.

J. H. BIBBY.....Proprietor
SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA
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COLEMAN Business

COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—100 students from Pennsylvania in 1883. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship, $40. Write for circulars. H. COLEMAN & PALMS, Proprietors.
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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

VIGOR OF MANHOOD RESTORED TO MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHEA AND IMPOTENCY.

☞ Tested for over 8 years by use in thousands of cases.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

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A GLOVE.

Faith! but I loved the little hand
That used to wear this time-stained thing!
Its slightest gesture of command
Would set my glad heart fluttering.

Or if it touched my finger, so,
Or smoothed my hair, why should I speak
Of those old days? It makes, you know,
The tears brim over on my cheek.

Poor, stained, worn-out, long-wristed glove!
I think it almost understands
That reverently and with love
I hold it in my trembling hands.

And that it is so dear to me,
With its old fragrance, far and faint,
Because my mother wore it, she—
On earth my love, in heaven my saint.

DISENCHANTED.

Will Carlisle had definitely made up his mind to propose to Augusta Colton—"Augusta Ann," as her unsophisticated relations phrased it in their every-day talk.

"She is a diamond among the rough pebbles," he declared, with all a lover's enthusiasm.

"Are you quite sure that she is a diamond at all?" dryly asked Dr. Belton.

Mr. Carlisle had been spending the summer at Groton Point, in a dreamy, desultory sort of way. He was one of those fortunate—or unfortunate—young men whose career in life is already made for them.

An old uncle in the West Indies had bequeathed him a fortune, a connoisseur cousin who came abruptly to his end in a railway accident had left him a house and a gallery of paintings, and just when he was preparing to enjoy himself thoroughly a husky cough developed itself, the medical men talked grimly of consumption, and he was ordered to the seashore for the summer.

"There is nothing the matter with me," said he impatiently.

"But there will be," averred the learned disciple of Esculapius, "if you don't check this thing in its very inception. Westward ho now, or Rhyl, or——"

"Nonsense!" said Carlisle. "I don't care for any of those fashionable resorts. If I am to be banished anywhere, I'll choose the place of exile myself. What do you say to Groton Point?"

"Groton Point! Groton Point!" repeated the doctor with a puzzled air. "I may be very deficient in modern geography, but I must say I never heard of Groton Point."

"No, nor anybody else," said Will Carlisle, smiling, "and that is the reason I am going there. It is a solitary fishing station on the West coast. There's absolutely noting there but surf and sea gulls."

And so Groton Point was selected for Mr. Carlisle's summer residence. There was a little one-story hostelry there, fronting the sea, while the postoffice was at one end of the village and a variety store at the other, where you might buy anything from tallow candles and matches to an almanac and a plow.

There it was that Miss Colton threw her net over his unsuspecting heart, one day, when she lost the sovereign wherewith her mother had sent her to the store for a lot of carpet warp, seven yards of red flannel and a box of baking powder.

She was so pretty and plump and distracted, and her blue muslin gown set off her blonde complexion and burnished hair so exquisitely, and Will had not seen any woman but the fat landlady for a week.

And they found the gold piece lying among some rocks by the seashore, where it must have dropped from Augusta's pocket when she pulled out her handkerchief to brush away the flies, which were troublesome at Groton Point when the wind set from a certain direction; but Mr. Carlisle lost something more serious still—his heart.

"A fishermaid of low degree," he had quoted when he confessed all these things to his college chum, young Dr. Belton, whose quiet sister, Lettice, he had once admired in a sort of way, when both the young men were in the graduating class.

"A wild rose-bud, don't you see? A genuine daughter of Nature, who has never been out of sight of the ocean!"

"Oh!" said Dr. Belton.

"Of course she has no external polish," added Carlisle. "She will have everything to learn. But she is so refreshing as compared with the conventional city young lady that one get so tired of."

"Exactly," said Dr. Belton, seeing that his friend expected him to say something.

"Her father owns a small fishing-smack. He is a real character. And her mother is one of those nice old ladies that one seldom sees. Domestic, you know—neat-handed Phyllis—all that sort of thing. I'll take you there, Jack, if you'll promise not to find fault with the primitiveness of the thing."

"Oh, I'll promise," said Dr. Belton.

Belton was a man of instincts, and in this case his instinct told him that Will Carlisle was altogether astray.

"He is beauty-struck," said he to himself. "For the time he is bewitched. It's the old story of Ulysses and the Sirens over again."

But he went to the seaside cot where Augusta Colton had all the old china pitchers filled with wild flowers, and sat like a modern Flora, dimpled and smiling, in their midst.

She said very little, but she smiled a great deal, and Carlisle was more infatuated than ever when he came away, toward 11 o'clock of a dark and brooding August night, with a suspicious closeness in the air, and vivid sheets of lightning here and there.

"Isn't she perfect?" he cried, he and Belton walked along the edge of the shore.

"She is very beautiful, yes."

"And graceful—and womanly?" cried the lover, greedy for praise.

"I concede all of that," slowly spoke Belton; "but I don't call her exactly a lady."

"Pshaw," said Carlisle. "Your ideas are formed on the hackneyed model of society. A girl like Augusta is capable of any degree of polish. And did you observe what a sweet, low voice she had—like a lute?"

"Granted; but it struck me that her grammar was a little shaky now and then."

"Oh, grammar, that's nothing. She will soon pick up the phrases of the people she is with."

"Carlisle," cried his friend quickly "you are not engaged to her?"

"No; but I shall be within the next twenty-four hours," boldly asserted Carlisle.

"I beg of you do nothing rash," entreated Belton. "Wait a little until——"

"Don't preach," a little impatiently. "I tell you I've been considering the matter all the summer, and I have made up my mind."

"Then there is no use in my arguing the point," said Belton.

"No use at all," cried Carlisle. "I call myself a not contemptible judge of character, and I pronounce Augusta Colton to be one of the sweetest and rarest types of true womanhood."

By this time, however, the impending storm had burst. Sheets of rain poured down, vivid lightning cleft the sky, casting a lurid glow on the boiling waves, and unpleasant showers of spray began to deluge them ever and anon.

"I hope you are certain about the path," said Belton, who was quite new to this coast country.

"Well, I thought I was," answered Carlisle. "But the tempest and darkness seem to have blotted out the old landmarks. Here is some one coming. Let's ask him. My friend, are we in the right way for the Point?"

"Ain't goin' to Point," answered an inebriated voice. "Goin' back to public-oush. Ge-wet! Ge-cold! Berrer go back to public-oush."

"It's old Colton," said Carlisle, somewhat discomfited. "He isn't always sober. Like other seafaring men, he likes his grog."

"Your father-in-law elect, eh?" said Belton, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"But you should see how angelically sweet and forbearing Augusta is with him," said Carlisle. "That is the thing I most admire in her—her perfect temper. And, of course, we shall separate her entirely from these awkward relationships. In the meantime—as the old man is going back to the 'public-oush'—I suggest that we go back to the cottage and get Augusta's little brother to pilot us in the right direction. Or, perhaps—I know they have a litle spare room somewhere under the eaves—they can keep us there all night. I don't like to ask it of them, but I do not see what else we can do."

In less than five minutes they were once more knocking at the cottage door—but to their surprise it was not opened.

A tiny window at the left was pushed the least bit ajar, and the voice of the fair Augusta, shrill and sharper than Carlisle ever could have believed possible, out-shrieked the tempest.

"Go away!" she cried. "Clear out! I won't have you in the house."

"Augusta Ann!" remonstrated the voice of old Mrs. Colton from the inside.

"Hold your tongue, ma!" screamed Augusta, "I've told pa, time and again, the next time he came home at this hour of the night, I wouldn't let him in. Not if he sat on the rocks until daybreak. And I mean to stick to my word, so there! It's too bad of him, so it is, to spoil my chances with a city beau by this sort of goings on, and I won't stand it. Get out, pa. Don't stand whining there."

"But, Augusta Ann," pleaded the old woman, "it's your tongue and temper that drives him away more'n anything else. Let him in. Don't you hear how it's raining?"

"Silence!" retorted the dutiful daughter.

And the window was shut to once more, leaving the two friends standing on the doorstep, in the night and tempest.

They got back to their lodgings after a long, wet walk, in the course of which they went considerably out of their way—but they were neither of them sorry for the night's adventure, wet and forlorn though they were.

"It's astonishing how easy it is for a man to be mistaken," said Carlisle, after a long silence, as they were sitting before the fire in their own room.

Belton leaned over and grasped his hand.

"Be thankful, old fellow," said he, "that you have escaped as easily as this."

Augusta Ann never saw her city swain again, and as she didn't read the papers she missed perceiving the notice in a daily journal of the marriage of Will Carlisle to Miss Lettice Belton.

And poor old Colton leads a harder life than ever.

The Transpiration of Plants.

Of all the phenomena of plants, that of transpiration is perhaps the most interesting. The rich dew that impearls a summer morning with beauty, resting on leaf and flower and grass blade, dampening the country roads, and that was once thought to be evolved from the atmosphere, is proved by the great Dutch naturalist Muschenbroeck to be the condensed perspiration of plants. The experiment was very simple; he covered with a plate of lead the whole circumference of the root of a white poppy, so as to prevent the vapor of the earth from interfering with his experiment. The plant was then covered with a bell glass cemented to the lead. After that, each morning, when the naturalist came to visit the imprisoned plant, he observed that even during the driest night its leaves were covered with an innumerable quantity of those drops of water to which the name of dew is given, and that the sides of the glass were covered with moisture. Guettard was able to decide the amount which vegetable transpiration produces, and found that a branch of a cornel tree weighing only 5½ drachms distilled each day an ounce and three drachms of water, double its weight, in twenty-four hours.

The common garden sunflower is a marked instance of the transpiration of plants. Wales has proved by experiment that a sunflower lost by the transpiration of its leaves, twenty ounces of water in twenty-four hours. Ruysch, the great Dutch anatomist, states: that an arum which he kept in a green house in the botanical garden at Amsterdam distilled water drop by drop from the extremities of its leaves in proportion as it was watered; and another plant of the same family (*Colocasia esculenta*) edible arum, threw out little drops of water in the form of a jet, that were exhaled from the pores seen on the tips of its cordate shaped leaves, and from each of these orifices from ten to one hundred drops of water were thrown some distnace every minute. Pouchet mentions a similiar phenomenon in one of the greenhouses of the botanical garden at Rouen, where an arborescent fuchsia rained down so much water upon the plants around it that it was necessary to remove them. The leaves of other plants, more tenacious of the perspiration they distil, collect it in little cups, which are seen at the extremities of their leaves; these in some cases have movable lids. The most remarkable plant that exhibits this phenomenon is the famous *Nepenthes distillatoria*, or pitcher plant, found in Southern Asia. Its leaves display a firm mid-rib, which extends along the blade and ends in a strong cylindrical cup, provided with a hinged lid, which spontaneously opens and closes according to the state of the atmosphere. During the night this lid sinks down and hermetically closes the little vase, which then fills up with limpid water exhaled by its walls. During the day the lid is raised and the water mostly evaporates. The beneficient nepenthe has often quenched the thirst of the Italian lost in the burning deserts. In the marshy forests of Southern America is found another distilling plant, the purple sarracenia, the structure of which is equally eccentric. Its leaves uniting at their edges are transformed into elegant amphoræ, the narrow opening of which is surmounted by an ample green auricle threaded with scarlet veins, to which this species owes its name. These cups are filled with pure and delicious water for the benefit of the traveler, and for which he is all the more grateful as he is encircled by morasses, the water of which is lukewarn and nauseous.

The vegetable marvel in transpiration is the weeping tree of the Canary Islands, whose tufted foliage distils water like rain. But the rain tree with which botanists are most familiar is the Tami-Caspia of the eastern Peruvian Andes. Professor Ernst director of the Botanic Gardens, at Caraccas, states: "In the month of April the young leaves are still delicate and transparent; during the whole day a fine spray of rain is to be noticed under the tree even in the driest air, so that the strongly-tinted iron clay soil is distinctly moist. The phenomenon diminishes with the growth of the leaves, and ceases when they are fully grown" He attributes the rain to secretions from glands on the footstalk of the leaf on which drops of the liquid are found which are rapidly renewed on being removed with blotting paper.

Impregnable.

When Alexander paused before the walls of Tyre, Delessepius, his engineer reported that that city was impregnable. All attempts to break down the walls would be but a waste of time, and an assault would cause a terrible effusion of blood. Alexander smilingly replied that while a battering ram might fail, a goat would probably answer. "Bring up a goat or the butter we had last night; either is a strong butter," he musingly added. The people of Tyre, who were on the walls of their city, immediately got down and left on the other side.

Jonathan Niles and His Fife.

In his youth, Jonathan Niles was a musician of the Revolutionary Army. In 1778, while the American Army was encamped at Tappan, on the Hudson, Gen. La Fayette had command of the advance, his particular duty being to guard the water front; and in order that any attempt on the part of the enemy at surprise might be guarded against, La Fayette issued orders that there should be no noise of any kind, by the troops, between the hours of tattoo and reveille.

Our Jonathan was one of La Fayette musicians, and his instrument the fife. He was a son of Connecticut and he had a maimed and disabled brother who was a cunning artificer, and who, among other quaint things, had made the fife upon which Jonathan played. It was so constructed that it could be blown to shrill and ear-piercing notes that belong with the drum, or it could be so softly and sweetly breathed upon as to give forth notes like the gentle dulcimer.

One evening Jonathan wandered down to the water's edge, and seated upon a rock gazed off upon the darkly flowing, star-gemmed flood. His thoughts were of his home and of the loved ones, and annon came memories of the old songs that had been wont to gladden the fireside.

Unconsciously, he drew his flute from his bosom and placed it to his lips. In his mind, at that moment, was a sweet song, adapted from Mozart, which had been his mother's favorite. He knew not what he did. To him all things of the present were shut out, and he was again at home, sitting at his mother's feet—and the chasm was not broken until a rough blow upon the back recalled him to his senses.

"Man! what are you doing? The General may be awake. If he should hear you—ah!"

It was a sentinel; and even this guardian of the night afterward confessed that he had listened, entranced, to the ravishing music for a long time before he had thought of his duty to stop it.

On the following morning an orderly came to the spot where Jonathan had been eating his breakfast, and informed him that the General wanted to see him at headquarters.

Poor Jonathan turned pale and trembled. He knew La Fayette was very strict, and that in those perilous times even slight infractions of military orders were punished severely. As he arose to his feet the sentinel of the previous evening came up and whispered into his ear.

"If it should be about the music, Jonathan, don't you be alarmed. Not a soul save you and me knows anything about it. I can swear to that. So, do you just say it wasn't you. Stick to it, and you'll come out all right."

Jonathan looked at the man pityingly. What! my mother's son tell a lie like that? It would be the heaviest load I ever carried—heavier than I ever mean to carry, if I have my senses.

He went to the General's quarters—a tent pitched in a commanding site, overlooking the whole line it had to guard. La Fayette was pacing to and fro, sad and moody as though his thoughts were unhappy.

"Comrade, who are you?"

"Jonathan Niles, General?"

"Last evening I heard music down by the river's bank. Were you the musician?"

It was I, General, but I knew not what I did. I meant not to disobey your order. I sat and thought of home and my mother, and——"

The General started at the sound of that word, and the shadow upon his face grew soft and etherial.

"Of your—MOTHER! And I thought of mine. It was a theme of Mozart's and was my mother's favorite.

If you will be so kind, go bring your instrument and play for me that delightful strain here in my tent. It will do me good."

In the after years—even to his dying hour—the man loved to tell that story. Though he would never urge the truth upon any in consideration of so mean a thing as the benefit that might result, yet he could not put away the thought that the sweetest and most blessed memory of all his soldier experience might have been lost to him had he grasped at the opportunity to tell a lie, which might, to some, have seemed most opportune and profitable.

Women.

Florence Maryatt, the clever novelist and fascinating daughter of everybody's favorite, Captain Marryatt, will shortly start for New York to fulfil a series of engagements for readings, made for her by Mr. Howard Paul, whose wide acquaintance with the States makes him invaluable in this way. The Princess Dolgorouki, the widow of the late Emperor of Russia, has left Paris with her children and a large suite for Switzerland. She intends to pass the autumn at the Lake of Lucerne and the lakes in Northern Italy. A young daughter of the present Lord Lytton, a miss still in her teens, has begun a story in the August *Temple Bar* entitled "The Red Manor."

A good beginning is half the work.
Prudery is the caricature of modesty.
The pleasure of love is in loving.
An old friend is better than two new ones.

The Fearful Results.

"So blonde women are going out of fashion at last?" inquired a representative of one who, among other things, makes a study of scalp diseases a specialty. "To what do you attribute this sudden fall in the stock of yellow hair?"

"Well, to various reasons, almost too numerous to particularize. I dare say the first alarm will leave comparative quiet in the camp of the Saxon-haired ladies. The say-so of fashion has a mighty influence, but blue-eyed, drab-haired ladies will not willingly sink back into neutral obscurity."

"But what amount of truth is there in the statement that chemicals injure those who use them?"

"More, perhaps, than you or they are aware of, when it comes down to being serious."

"What are the symptoms of the poison."

"They differ, of course, with different temperaments. Some women rapidly lose memory—fail to recall faces or names, or both. They lose appetite, and have to resort to beer or a stimulent; lose sleep, which is worse than all. They fall victims to insomnia in its most aggravated forms, and the last and most dreadful warning is the loss of eyesight; they become perfectly blind. They will attribute all these frightful sufferings to a hundred causes but the right one, and their husbands are being told all the time that the only blondine they use is a little soda, common alkali bar-soap or salts of tartar. But finally, when almost bald, with red, watery eyes and constantly aching heads, they awake to a realizing sense of what they are doing to kill themselves by inches to become a problematical beauty. All men do not admire yellow-haired women by any means. For my part, and I think the majority of men think with me, woman is only worthy of admiration when just as nature left her, without tampering with at all, no matter what her complexion. Besides, it is questionable taste in ladies of correct life and standing, since they follow the mad pranks of those who, lost to all decency, would do anything to attract attention. They started bangs, and straightway all women cut off their front hair."

"Well, you make this out a serious matter, to be sure. Have you enumerated all the dread results?"

"No; there is one I have been loth to speak of—lunacy! Yes, horrible as it may sound to you, the asylums are filling up with incurable maniacs brought to that pass by using hair washes and bleaches. This begins by nervous attacks periodically when in an unhealthy state. Then they begin to have hysterics more often; husbands are puzzled to know how to deal with a wife who bursts into tears at the slightest provocation and falls right on the floor or bed. It is a swift road to downright, gibbering insanity, for which science has not yet thought out a cure—the cause is so new. I see that for a long time in London and Paris women have bleached their babies' heads, and that this pernicious trick is being done here. Such mothers should be deprived of their children as being unfit custodians of them. The effect will be a lot of imbecile young women. We are a brown-haired nation, and handsomer than any flaxen-haired Norse men or women on earth, and our brains should not be sapped up in trying to imitate the peasantry of Bavaria, Austria or Sweden."

Plastering in Early Times.

The use of plaster, or "plaister," as it was formerly called, is of early date, even in the British islands, in connection with domestic architecture. Long before lime plaster came into general use, a tenacious clay or sticky and unctuous earth was employed when procurable, and, in its absence, whatever clay or mixture of mud and earth produced the most binding material. The rudest and coarsest forms of daubing or plastering in the British Isles were those structures erected of wattles and daubed over with clay to keep out the cold. This kind of domestic building was common in Ireland in the time of Henry II. From necessity or in conformity to the fashion of that country the English monarch erected, according to Roger Hovenden, a Royal palace with "uncommon elegance" of smoothed wattles in 1172, and in such buildings his Majesty with the Kings and Princes of Ireland solemnized the festival of Christmas. The Devonshire "cob," a class of building not yet extinct, is a fair illustration of the ancient fashion of daubing or plastering practiced in this country for long centuries. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in this country the plasterers proper and the daubers formed two distinct classes of building workmen, and their wages, like the wages of other operatives, were subject to certain regulations summer and winter. The daubers were simply the layers on of a mixture of straw and mud to a framework of timber. The plasterers in London in the twenty-fourth Edward III. (1350) were bound to take no more for their working day between the feasts of Easter and St. Michael than 6d., without victuals or drink, and for the remainder of the year 5d. Upon feast days, when they did not work, they took nothing.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Denying a fault doubles it.

A charitable man is the true lover o. God.

Where the will is ready the feet are light.

A candle lights others and consumes itself.

If we build high, let us begin low and deep.

What is duty? It is what we exact of others.

Far better that the feet slip than the tongue.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.

Youth looks at the possible, age at the probable.

A word and a stone let go cannot be called back.

He that will not economize will have to agonize.

Manner is something with everybody and everything with some.

Things don't "turn up" in this world until somebody turns them up.

Poverty destroys pride it is difficult for an empty bag to stand upright.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude

Uneasiness is a species of sagacity; a passive sagacity. Fools are never uneasy.

Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner.

Men make themselves ridiculous not so much by the qualities they have as by the affectation of those they have not.

I have often noticed that the man who would have done such wonderful things if he had been there never gest there.

Do you know that a wise and good man does nothing for appearance, but everything for the sake of having acted well?

The most ignorant have sufficient knowledge to detect the faults of others; the most clear sighted are blind to their own.

We are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

There is no happiness like that of being loved by one of your fellow creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort.

Unlimited severity of judgment, without investigation, is a violation of the law of right often worse than the fault you are condemning.

A man is known by his friends. But more than this, a man is made or marred by his friends. Companionship is one of the great factors of life.

We must look downward as well as upward in human life. Though many may have passed you in the race there are many you have left behind.

Life is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not. God delights to isolate us every day, and hide from us the past and the future.

Nothing is more expensive than penuriounes; nothing more anxious than carelessness; and every duty which is bidden to wait, returns with seven fresh dutys at its back.

Give self-control, and you give the essence of all well-doing in mind, body, and estate. Morality, learning, thought, business and success,—the master of himself can master these.

Agitation prevents rebellion, keeps the peace and secures progress. Every step she gains is gained forever. Muskets are weapons of animals. Agitation is the atmosphere of the brains.

The old, old fashion; the fashion that came in with our first garments, will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmanent is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death.

To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who would not have rather been the penitent thief than Pilate?

Experience teaches more and more from day to day, that a child will retain in its memory only what is incorporated into its life. It will forget what it has seen or heard, but rarely or never what it has accomplished through its own efforts.

The wheel of fortune is ever turning. As soon as you reach the top if you neglect to keep stepping you are rolled again into the mud; more exertion being required to keep there than to cling to the wheel as it carries you there.

There is enough in the world to complain about and find fault with if men have the disposition. We often travel on hard and uneven roads; but with a cheerful spirit we may walk thereon with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

The morality of an action depends upon the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown at a beggar with the intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good, but with respect to me the action is very wrong.

Friendship, love and piety should be treated in private. We should only speak of them in rare and confidential moments; have a silent, understanding regard for them. There is much in respect to them that is too tender to be thought of, still more to be talked about.

Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand the wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough going, ardent and sincere earnestnes.

Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as if Heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out in their native music, and utter at intervals the words they have heard in Heaven; then the mad fit returns, and they mope and wallow like dogs.

BLUE GENTIAN.

I shall never be a child,
With its dancing footsteps wild,
Nor a free-footed maiden any more,
Yet my heart leaps up to see
The new leaf upon the tree,
And to hear the light winds pass
O'er the flowers in the grass,
And for very joy brims o'er,
As I kneel and pluck this store
Of blue gentian.

I shall never climb thy peak,
Great white Alps, that cannot speak
Of the centuries that float over thee
like dreams,
Dumb of all God's secret things
Sealed to beggars and to kings—
Yet I sit in a world of sight,
Color, beauty, sound and light.
While at every step, meseems,
Small sweet joys spring up, like gleams
Of blue gentian.

I shall not live o'er again
This strange life, half bliss, half pain;
I shall sleep till *Thou* call'st me to arise
Body and soul with new-born powers,
If thou wakenest these poor flowers,
Wilt Thou not awaken me,
Who am thirsting after Thee?
Ah! when faith grows dim and dies,
Let me think of Alpine skies
And blue gentian.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

Mr. Edward Tupper sat alone in his spacious parlor, his head enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke that puffed in volumes from between his angry lips and curled gracefully from the daintily colored bowl of his elegant meerschaum; for the said Edward was a connoisseur in pipes, and among the many that he had laid away as he took up with a new love of more exquisite design than the former, this special one had never lost favor in his sight; and whenever he found himself especially moody, this was the one that was always fished out from some obscure recess, and filled and lit to soothe his mind to a proper state of complacency.

Poor fellow! He had been married but the short space of eight months, and already he felt himself sadly neglected; and yet how could this be? The dainty slippers that adorned his elegantly formed feet were the work of his wife's hands; some elaborate workmanship was also displayed in the crown of a hat tossed carelessly into a corner, evidently the work of the same loving hands, and everywhere might be seen evidences of that same kindly rigor that makes home, to a man, that place of all places nearest to heaven.

Poor Edward! Everything had gone on happily for him until within the past week, when an old friend of Dolly's (Dolly, by the way, was Mrs. Tupper) came to the city; and Dolly, dear, kind Dolly, took him in and made much of him, much to the delectation of the said friend, and much to the chagrin of the indulgent husband.

Dolly meant nothing by this. Frank Olmstead was a very old friend whom she had known for many years, and her dear little heart could not conceive how it could be wrong for her to make much of him whom she had known long before Edward came to be the bright particular star.

Edward had borne it patiently, never uttering a syllable of reproach, and our dear Dolly was probably all unaware of how the poor fellow's heart was bleeding; and though her kisses were as warm as ever, still he thought he detected a coldness that made his heart bleed and his brow darken, and almost made his food go down the wrong way. Strange, is it not, what a close affinity there is between a man's heart and his stomach?

This evening Dolly had capped the climax by actually going to the opera with Olmstead, and leaving her liege lord to the tender mercies of the hired girl and the evening paper.

"Confound it," muttered Edward, forcibly, rising to his feet and shaking his legs out with a vicious jerk. "I believe I'm getting jealous of my little Dolly—but I'll be blowed if I don't think I have cause."

"Cause? Of course you have cause!" laughed a cheery voice just outside the door. "May I come in? Where's Dolly?"

"My dear brother," answered Edward, smiling in spite of himself, "you might be six men, and you would still make your friends wonder why you were not made seven to balance your lingual powers."

"You never mind me, Ed—I'll take care of myself. But where's Dolly? I had a box for the opera this eve, and my girl has left me. Thought I'd come over and take her."

"Well, you're too late, Harry, this time," said Edward, moodily; "our mutual friend, Olmstead, has her there by this time."

"Whew! the dev—excuse me, my beloved, but so sets the wind, does it? See here, don't you go to blaming Dolly. You may be her husband, but when you married her, you made her my sister, and you bet I'll stick up for her;" and the young scapegrace assumed a very determined attitude, and awaited his brother's reply.

"Oh, I'm not blaming her—but you'll admit it's confounded hard on a man to see his wife running around like this. Now, Harry, you've a good head on you if it is an airy one. Can't you think of some plan to show her that she's in the wrong without hurting her feelings too much?"

"Yes, I admit that an airy head is better than nary one," laughed Harry, thumping the article in question viciously, "But why didn't you ask my advice before you married her? I'd have advised you not, and then tried for her myself."

"The way I feel to-night you might have her and welcome," growled Edward, viciously. "But seriously, can't you think of something?"

"Let me see," mused Harry. "She still loves you?"

"Idiot—of course she does!"

"Exclude the pet name, if you please—yes, I have a plan."

"Tell it me."

"You must promise explicit obedience to my will and recognize my sway as sovereign in the whole affair."

"Very well," exclaimed his brother. "But be careful and make no mistake in this matter. Don't make a failure, for pity's sake."

"You're a sweet object to excite pity!" with mock disdain. "In the hectic vocabulary of youth, which no tongue can expound, there's no such work as fail—or words to that effect."

"Consider me your vassal—command and I will obey—and if you succeed in routing the enemy—"

"Well—if I succeed?"

"You have carte blanche on my pocketbook for a week."

"Adieu, my brother; I go but will return again; meantime, dress yourself for the opera, order round the carriage, and await me here." And Harry Tupper disappeared through the half open door.

"I wonder what idea the fellow has in his head?" mused Edward, after his brother had gone. "I was only partly in earnest, and still I have half a mind to let him have his way. He is fertile in schemes, and perhaps this may be productive of some good; so here goes to dress for the opera."

Dolly Tupper was looking her very prettiest this evening, and many admiring eyes were turned upon the graceful figure as she entered the theatre. As she was a favorite in society circles, recognitions were frequent, and not a few of the designing mammas present wondered who the handsome young man with her might be—a brother probably, and undoubtedly a desirable match.

The opera "Fra Diavalo" was one of her favorites, and the only check to her pleasure was the thought that would come to her of her poor Edward at home alone while she was out enjoying herself. It troubled her a little, and once in a while a little twinge of conscience would make her sigh at the thought that perhaps she had gone a trifle too far. Then, as she thought how kind and tender to him she would be that night to recompense him for his loneliness, a pink flush stole over her cheek that made her look like the tender, loving little woman she was.

"You are looking lovely to-night, Dolly," whispered Olmstead, bending toward her that he might look into the shining eyes that had become too dear to him of late for comfort.

But Dolly was in a strange humor to-night, and turned away her head without answering him; things were beginning to assume a new light to her now, and she saw in her friend's eyes too much that was dangerous to her own conscence and his peace of mind.

The curtain had just raised on the second act when a party entered the left box with a great flurry and spread of skirts, and of course all eyes were instantly turned on the new arrivals. A lady and gentleman had just entered; the lady had seated herself in the front of the box, but her escort was still busy in disposing of the wraps, and as his back was turned, could not be recognized.

The lady was handsomely attired, but loud in the extreme, and many a feminine nose was elevated disdainfully in polite abhorrence.

Then the man turned and came toward the front of the box, and after some jest that caused his companion to titter and raise a daintily laced handkerchief to her face affectedly, he took his seat by her side. His face was turned so that Dolly could not see it, but the form looked familiar to her, and a cold chill passed through her heart in bitter apprehension. Her eyes burned as she fastened them on him, waiting patiently for him to turn that she might see his face. She kept them there until she saw his head turn slowly, and then—his eyes met hers without recognition, and then were turned back to his companion.

"Take me home!" gasped Dolly, hoarsely, clutching Olmstead by the arm. "Take me away, Frank, or I shall smother here."

"Calm yourself," whispered he, hurriedly, "and I will have you out of this in a minute."

A carriage was soon in waiting, and he conducted the angry little woman to the door. Dolly bore up well until they were seated in the carriage, then she gave way to tears, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Dolly," whispered Olmstead, passionately, "you know I loved you long before this man ever saw you. Give me the right to take you away from this neglect, and I swear to you—"

"That will do, Frank. I see where I have been wrong, and though I shall leave my husband, I will leave him in a way that will enable me to look the world in the face with a clear conscience, and you are a coward to take advantage of this moment to insult me. After to-night I do not wish to see you again."

Olmstead was abashed, angry and silent, and remained so until they reached the house. Then he left her without a word, and drove to his hotel.

Dolly hurriedly changed her dress for a gray traveling costume, put on her wraps, and sat down to the table to write a few parting lines to her husband before she left the home that had been so dear to her and in which she had found so much happiness.

Poor little girl! Her fiery disposition could not brook the slight—the insult—Edward had put upon her in taking some shameless creature to the opera before her very eyes. She did not once stop to think of what the provocation might have been; it was enough that he had ceased to love her—had transferred his affections to another. Innocent as she was of a wrong intention, she could not see how he could be so false to her—he whom she had loved with her whole heart.

A noise in the hall warned her of her husband's return, and with a smothered sob she kissed the paper that was to be the bearer of her parting message and started for the door. She was too late, however, for footsteps were already approaching on the other side, so with a quick turn she sprang into the next room, which was a little alcove with a pretty bay window looking out into the garden, and pulled together the heavy curtains just as the door opened and Edward and the lady entered.

Edward flung himself moodily into an easy chair, while his companion, flinging off her wraps, pulled a chair up to the table, ... ing her feet upon the same in a very careless fashion, and lit a cigarette.

Dolly was a witness to all this from behind the curtains, and her pulse throbbed fast with indignation.

"To think of his bringing the creature home with him," she thought, to this very house! Oh, how I was mistaken in him!"

Meantime the figure at the table had noticed the written sheet upon which she had placed her feet, and quickly pulling it from under them read it through.

"Here's a go, Ed!" grumbled the airy female in the unmistakable voice of our young scapegrace, Harry. "Dolly has levanted."

"What!" exclaimed Edward, hoarsely. "Let me see it!" and hastily snatching it from his brother, he read:

"My Dear Edward:—Still dear to me, though mine no longer, I leave you to-night forever. Do not attempt to look for me, for you will never see me again. I shall always love you, but think from appearances that it will be an easy matter for you to forget the past. Good-by, my darling.

"Dolly."

He had hardly finished reading it when he heard a faint sob in the next room. Quick as thought he sprang through the curtains and would have taken his weeping wife in his arms; but she repulsed him with a shudder, and stood up before him with her eyes flashing.

"Don't you dare!" she cried. "Keep your embraces for such as the woman in there, and let me go my way."

"You are unjust, sweetheart," replied her husband, tenderly. "You went out to-night with another companion—why should not I do likewise?"

"You might at least have had some respect for me—who is that in the next room?" Her eyes were flashing now, and Dolly looked dangerous. "Tell me!"

"That, dear, is one who loves you very much, and who would do much to make you happy."

"Who has done the most to make me utterly miserable."

"See here, sweetheart. Look between these curtains and you will see that I am guilty of nothing but a little attempt to deceive you."

Doubtingly she took her hands from before her face, and with a quick movement peered into the next room, where the obnoxious Harry, tired out and sleepy, had divested himself of hat and false hair, and was sleeping peacefully the sleep of the just.

A glad little smile—humorous and happy—played for an instant over Dolly's face, then two warm arms were raised to her husband's neck, and the sweetest of all lips sought his in a kiss of reconciliation.

"It was very wrong in me, Edward," she whispered.

"Hush, darling, never mention it again, but remember that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; so if you must go out with another man—"

"If I do," laughed Dolly, "it will be with the sleeping beauty there, whom I shall kiss before he wakes." And she did, and followed it up with a sharp box on the ear, and then ran off to her own room.

"This is the way the great beneficiary of the human race is treated. Well, I must take these togs off, or I'll be falling in love with myself." And he floated away to his room.

Machine-Made Teeth.

In olden times it was the custom, when one's teeth ached persistently, to have the offending members taken out, but of late dentists have been able to change the fashion, greatly to their own profit, and have persuaded people that it is better to have their partially decayed molars, canines and incisors filled with little golden plugs. The interest of the dentists in this system is obvious. No man can have the face to charge more than a dollar for pulling a tooth, while for boring and gouging and sawing and filing and filling and hammering and sand-papering one he can and does charge all the way from $3 to $20. Then the old filling gets loose in two or three years, and the whole thing has to be done over again; so that a dentist who has ten or a dozen regular patients can, by judicious management, make them afford him a handsome income.

But the dominion of the dentist is about to be disputed. A great discovery has been made which will revolutionize the whole business and emancipate the sufferers. A factory has been established, with plenty of capital to back it, for the purpose of making sets of artificial teeth by machinery. All that any one who is troubled with his teeth will have to do will be to get them all pulled out. Then he can purchase a brand-new, machine-made set, and be exempt from toothache all the rest of his life.

There is, of course, nothing new in the making and using of artificial teeth. Dentists, with the guile that distinguishes them, have got this business into their own hands, and derive a great profit from it, but it will be easily seen that the manufacture by machinery presents great advantages over this antiquated and unsatisfactory method. When the making of watches by machinery was started, there were many protests that the new way could never be so good as the old. But the exactness soon attained and the convenience of having the parts interchangeable, brought about a revolution, and the factory watches now rank above the handmade. The same advantages will be had in the factory teeth. If one of a set gets broken, or comes out, an exactly similar one can be ordered from the factory at very small cost. If the plate gets cracked, it can be replaced in the same way. All that will be necessary will be to give the number of the plate, and a new one precisely like the old will be sent by return mail.

The Clergy Club.

The advanced tendencies of the age are shown in the establishment of the Clergy Club in London. On the committee are the Canons of Chichester, Westminster, York, Lincoln, and Bristol, with four other clergymen, and only two laymen, one of whom is Sir Coutts Lindsay. The initiation fee is £5 5s. after next September, and the annual dues £4 4s. for town members and £2 2s. for country members. Its club house is in New Bond street, and it professes to be for the members of the Church of England (clerical and lay,) and of churches in communion therewith.

The Texas Fly.

"When a Texas fly tackles a Texas steer there is immediate high kicking and bucking, which the cowboy views from a proper distance," said a Washington street butcher to a reporter. "The fly is a beauty, no mistake; even more beautiful than our handsome horsefly. He is half as long again and carries a generous sting."

"Does the steer say anything when being vaccinated by the fly?" asked a bystander.

"Yes; he keeps up a constant bellow at the time he endeavors to kick the tormenter on the ears with his off hind hoof. But, bless you, the fly doesn't seem to care in the least for the noise, and he actually enjoys the sensation of riding his kicking steed. Oh, the Texan fly is a daisy, no mistake."

"Do they ever come to New York?" asked the bystander.

"Once in a while one finds his way to the stock yards. It is not known whether they come by rail with the cattle or fly overland. We've had many discussions on the subject, but there are many opinions."

"Could you give me samples?" was the next modest request of the innocent man.

"Samples of opinion! Yes. Take Sol Sayles, for instance. He argues that the Texan pest goes on summer trips, taking in all the stock yards and slaughter houses on his way from home to the Atlantic coast. He swears that a friend of his in St. Louis caught one with a lasso and tied a piece of black thread to his tail. Then he telegraphed to Sol that he had set the fly loose and that he took a straight course for New York. The next day Sol went up to the stock-yards. Just as he entered he saw a man tearing around like mad, jumping over cleavers, meat-axes, falls, beeves and everything else."

"What was the trouble?"

"Texas fly on his arm with his stinger in the best vein. The man was so paralyzed that he could not brush him off. Sol caught up with the pair and captured the fly. And there on that fly's tail was"—

"The black thread," said the bystander.

"Not at all," returned the butcher; "on that fly's tail was a piece of white cotton. Now Sol is in a quandary as to whether that was the fly his friend sent him or not. He thinks the quick passage may have changed the black thread or perhaps his friend made a mistake. Still, Sol's mind leans towards the belief that it was the same old fly."

"Was the bitten man badly hurt?"

"He had to be taken to a hospital. His arm was swollen out of shape and looked like an immense bologna sausage. He was promptly doctored or he might have shared the fate of snake-bitten Reilly, who died yesterday."

"Then the bite is naturally fatal is it?"

"It is if immediate precautions are not taken. Still, no man to my knowledge has ever died from the effects of such a bite."

"What do the cowboys do, if bitten?"

"History has never stated that a cowboy was ever bitten by a Texas fly. This is due to a natural respect they have for each other. The cowboy stands aside and gives the fly a fair chance at the steer and the fly repays the compliment by letting the cowboy alone. But the fly makes lots of work for the cowboy all the same. An able-bodied fly—and sickness is rarely known among the fraternity—can stampede the largest herd of cattle in Texas. Just let one engage the attention of a steer and that steer gets terribly nervous. He gives a shout and rushes ahead. It makes no difference if a man, another steer, or a precipice is in his way. In fact, he would rather enjoy falling 600 feet and alighting upon the fly. Of course, the other cattle are not apt to stand still and be kicked by the wild brother, so they start for the Mexican border, heads down and tails up."

"The cowboy—where is he?"

"He must then get in his fine work, and he does. It is astonishing how quickly he can stop a riot. On his horse's back he carries a bag of strong salt. He sees which way the cattle are heading, and he digs his spurs into the horse's sides and dashes ahead of the herd, striking to windward. Should his horse fail him he would be trampled to death, and if he fails the herd is lost. Judging his distance to nicety, he throws double-handfuls of salt in front and to windward of the flying animals. The result is miraculous. As soon as the head of that herd can recover their feet and stop without being run over by those behind, all the cattle are peacefully browsing in that salt. It is to them what ice cream, tobacco and whiskey are to the human race."

"Then the cowboy saves the entire herd!"

"Not exactly. Picture to yourself a speck down in the horizon, rapidly diminishing in a cloud of dust."

"What is that?"

"It is the Texas fly riding the steer!"

Richelieu's Head.

The greatest minister France ever produced was Richelieu. He was at once Cardinal, Duke and Peer, Commander of the Order of the Saint-Esprit, general of three monastic orders, Grand Master and Superintendent of Marine and Commerce, Lieutenant-General of Britanny and First Minister of the Kingdom. When ill he crossed France in royal state and the towns broke large breaches in their walls to allow free passage to his pallet, which was carried by eighteen bearskin-hatted guards. The people had surnamed him the "King of the King," and when his task was fulfilled, when he had crushed the nobility, disarmed the Protestants, levelled the house of Austria, founded the French Academy, raised up the Sorbonne, built the Cardinal palace and the Richelieu castle, the two first museums of the seventeenth century; when he had built up the financial reputation of his country, created her navy, given to France Canada, San Domingo, Guyana and Senegal, he lay down in the midst of his glory and slept, worn out, under the vaults of the Sorbonne.

One day, more than eighteen years ago, the mayor of a small village in Britanny obtained an audience with the Emperor, Napoleon III. He carried under his arm a small case, which he proceeded to open, and carefully withdrew a neatly wrapped-up parcel from it. This he unfolded, disclosing a human head, whose skin was dry and wrinkled, its large eyes deeply sunk in their huge orbits, its mouth contracted and teeth intact; the beard, moustache, eyebrows and a few hairs still remained, the whole covered with a yellowish varnish like an anatomical model.

"This, sire," said he, "is all that today remains of Richelieu."

Through what strange means had this relic fallen into his hands?

In December of '93 citizens Dubois, Hebert and Graincourt, with a neighboring hosier named Cheval, one of the most ardent patriots of the Thone district, were ordered to pillage the tombs of the church of the Sorbonne. The work lasted five days; the vaults were opened and the bones taken out and thrown pell-mell on the ground. While this was going on the church was invaded by the soldiery, who threatened to destroy the famous mausoleum of the Cardinal, when Alexander Lenoir, not without great difficulty, interfered and succeeded in saving the *chef d' œuvre* of Girardon, not, however, till he had received a bayonet wound in so doing. One of the soldiers got into the vault. The tomb of the Cardinal was open, but the body remained intact; the head, severed after death to facilitate the process of embalment, had been returned to its original position. Seizing the skull, he returned to the church holding it up in triumph, making believe—which opinion Lenoir held—that he had himself cut off the head of the Cardinal.

The skull had been replaced when Citizen Cheval seized upon the idea of appropriating it. The hosier wished to have his share of the spoil, and did not understand that pillage should take place without joining in it. Availing himself of the absence of the workmen, he bore away Richelieu's skull under his coat, covered with a piece of the shroud, and, notwithstanding the protest of his wife, who objected to the newcomer, hid it in a cupboard in his back shop.

All went well till the Ninth Thermidor; then the heroic hosier grew frightened; his opinions were known in the district; he hod shown his glorious spoil to some of his friends; perhaps they would arrest him. He confided his anxieties to a client, the Abbe Nicholas Armey, begging him to relieve him of so compromising an ornament.

The abbe agreed, and to avoid any fresh profanation carried the skull off to Brittany, and gave it to his brother, an inhabitant of Plouriro, on the Cotes du Nord.

All was not over. One fine day the new proprietor discovered that the insects were eating away the flesh. Advice must be had at once; a chemist whom he consulted could not advise any better plan than to cover it over with a yellow varnish, as he was accustomed to do in natural history cases. The unhappy waif was once more rescued, but for how long? Its future was not guaranteed from fresh disaster. In the meanwhile M. Army, the elder, died, bequeathing the sad legacy to his son, the Mayor of Plouriro. He, after several appeals from archæological societies for its possession, ended by deciding on the most sensible course to pursue. He decided to go to Paris, and it was he who had sought the audience with the Emperor to offer up the skull of the great Cardinal, begging him to have it restored to the tomb in the Sorbonne.

On December 15, 1866, the Archbishop of Paris received the precious deposit religiously developed in a casket, at the Sorbonne, and it was replaced with great pomp and ceremony under the monument of the Cardinal himself, in presence of the Duke of Richelieu, the representatives of the government, the clergy, the French Academy, etc., the great artist, Maurice Cottier, previously begged for and being allowed to take a cast of the remarkable head.

Value of Manners.

We have heard it said that you can do everything, however unpleasant it may be to those around you, if you only do it in the right way; and the instance given to prove this assertion is taken from humble life. A cat walks daintily into a room on a cold winter's day, and with a benign glance at the company and a melodious purring sound she walks leisurely around, selects for herself the warmest place in the room, perhaps the only warm place, right in front of the grate, curls herself up and goes serenely to sleep, secure that no one will be so unreasonable as to question her right to sleep wherever inclination prompts her to sleep. No one calls it selfish, no one is annoyed, because she has done it so prettily, so gracefully. Indeed, every one experiences an excess of warmth and comfort in themselves from beholding pussy's blissful repose. Now, imagine the same thing done in a different way and by a less self-possessed individual—if it were done hurriedly, or noisily, or diffidently even, or in any way obtrusively, what a storm of indignation it would excite in the bosom of all beholders! How thoughtless, how inconsiderate, how selfish! No, it must be done as the cat does it, without a sound or gesture to provoke criticism, or it must not be done at all.

Need of Economy.

One of the hardest lessons in life for young people to learn is to practise economy. It is a harder duty for a young man to accumulate and save his first $1,000 than his next $10,000. A man can be economical without being mean, and it is one of his most solemn duties to lay up sufficient in his days of strength and prosperity to provide for himself and those who are or may be dependent upon him in days of sickness or misfortune. Extravagance is one of the greatest evils of the present age. It is undermining and overturning the loftiest and best principles that should be retained and held sacred in society. It is annually sending thousands of young men and young women to ruin and misfortune.

Cultivate, then, sober and industrious habits; acquire the art of putting a little aside every day and for your future necessities; avoid all unnecessary and foolish expenditures. Spend your time only in such a manner as shall bring you profit and enjoyment, and your money for such things as you actually need for your comfort and happiness, and you will prosper in your lives, your business, and will win and retain the respect and honor of all worthy and substantial people.

Mackay and his Cabin.

In the first months of 1860 times were tough on the Comstock. The winter of 1859-60 was terribly severe, as all old-settlers well remember. Supplies could not be brought over the mountains from California, and before spring many of the Comstock went hungry to bed about three nights in the week. That winter a jolly crowd made their headquarters in a cabin that stood on the hillside above the Ophir office, near the California shaft. The cabin was a sort of cave. In entering it one went down two steps. The roof was composed of a layer of brush, a stratum of dirt, and over this a canvass cover to hold it all in place. The cabin contained four bunks—two on the south and two on the north side. John Mackay had the lower bunk on the north side, and Alexander Kennedy slept in the upper one. Pat S. Corbett—at present United States Marshal Corbett—and Jack O'Brien occupied the south bunks.

At that time Mackay, Kennedy and others were running the old Union Tunnel, and were working every day. As times grew rough and grub scarce, the number of lodgers in the cabin increased. Jack McCaffery was taken in on the understanding that he was to furnish wood for the household, and Johnnie Walker in consideration of his doing all the cooking. The new-comers brought their blankets and slept on the floor. Virginia City was then a town of brush shanties and canvas tents, and it was good to find shelter anywhere. Lumber being $500 per 1,000 feet, palaces were not to be expected.

As the winter wore away provisions of all kinds became scarce, and famine prices ruled for a time early in the spring. For a few days a square meal "down town" cost $2. Those of the boys in the cabin who started in with a little money had either got to the end of their string in keeping up their part of the expenses or had gambled off their coin.

Jack McCaffery, who was to furnish wood, began to make night raids on the woodpiles of the neighbors in order to keep up his part of the cabin supplies, and, the weather being cold, he was sometimes prowling about half the night, though the Ophir woodpile was his chief dependence. One stormy night Jack was gone so long that his cabin mates grew uneasy about him. Johnnie Walker, the cook, said Jack had whispered in his ear as he left that he was going to the Ophir woodpile. A search party was sent out, and to their inquiring whispers they finally got a faint reply. Following up the sound they presently came upon poor Jack. Blinded by the driving snow, he and a big stick from the Ophir had tumbled together into a prospect shaft. With the stick of wood on end and standing on top of it, Jack's extended hand still failed to reach the top of the shaft by about two feet. He was hauled out, cut, bruised and nearly frozen. Next morning there was no wood with which to cook breakfast, but as there was not much to cook, a board or two from the bunks furnished sufficient fuel.

Finally hunger got into the cabin, and not a man except Mackay had a cent of money. An attempt to starve the more shiftless into "rustling for grub" had proved a failure; they could do nothing, and, lying back on their blankets, gave up, like some of those of whom we read among the explorers in Arctic regions. The cook had an easy time of it. By this time some provisions were beginning to be packed in, but prices were fearful high. Mackay had just $30 left—it was all the money he had in the world. "Here, Pat," said he to Corbett, handing him a 20 and a 10 in gold, "go out and see if you can find a sack of flour."

A man had packed in from Placerville that day, and Pat found him near where the Bank of California now stands. It was all plaza then—all open country and sage-bush along the present line of C street. The packer had just one 50-pound sack of flour left. The price was $26. Pat handed the Placervillion the gold, got back $4 in silver, and, shouldering the flour, climbed the hill to the cabin. Mackay took the $4, and handing it to the cook, sent him in search of bacon, tea and sugar. When the flapjacks began to brown, and the savor of the bacon pervaded the cabin the spirits of both the regular inmates and transient boarders went up to the fair weather notch, and it seemed that there was nothing more in the world to be desired.

Finland.

The Czar of Russia has appointed a commission to revise the laws relating to Finland in the direction of a complete suppression of the local government. The Diet of Finland will be limited to a consulting role. The initiative of all laws will be delegated to the governor general. The reasons for this project are that the Nihilists are making Finland the basis of plots against the Czar and his government, and that the plots are connived at by the Finnish authorities and people. Since its conquest by Russia from Sweden in 1809, the Grand Duchy of Finland has preserved certain autonomic rights which are very dear to its inhabitants, and will not be given up without a struggle. Finland has an area of 144,000 square miles and a population of a little over 2,000,000. Of its inhabitants, only about 40,000 are Muscovites. The province, at its annexation to Russia, stipulated for the preservation of its ancient constitution. By this charter, the legislative power was vested in a national Parliament composed of four estates—the nobles, the clergy, the burghers and the peasants. By different ukases, the functions of this Parliament have been greatly narrowed, so that at present the executive and much of the legislative power is vested in a governor-general.

For cementing brass on glass Puscher recommends a resin soap made by boiling one part of caustic soda, three parts of colophonium, (resin), and five parts of water, and finally kneading the whole in about half the quantity of plaster of Paris. As it is not acted upon by petroleum, bears heat very well, and hardens in a short time, it is well suited for fastening brass tops on glass lamps.

None but a fool is always right.

Necessity is a severe schoolmistress.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Aug. 20, '84.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Special Bargains

TO SHOW YOU, MAKE AN AFTER HARVEST PLEASURE TRIP TO

"THE FAIR"

or

"SUPPLY DEPOT."

——IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.——

G. R. SPIGELMYER,

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

☞ *SPECIAL.* ☜

We are offering our Dress Ginghams and Seersuckers below cost.

Muslins with us have been a specialty. Our great bargain just now is a medium weight, 36 inches wide, unbleached muslin, at 7 cents. You usually pay far more for muslin of such quality.

The general expression is that it is a "BANG-UP." Good muslin for the money and can't be beat; it is one of our exclusive muslins—a little article at a big bargain. Handkerchiefs we mean. We can surprise you.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, Aug.*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Reporter for the campaign 10c per m'th

——R. H. Smith, agent for the Tyrone Marble Works, gave the "Reporter" a call.

——The defeated candidates should hold a pic-nic on Nittany mountain and have a group photographed.

——Dr. Rishel has left our town and located at Potters Mills, where the death of Dr. Kline had left an opening.

—— Rev. W. E. Fischer left on Monday to attend synod, and from there will go to Somerset county to visit relatives.

——Hon. L. A. Mackey favored the "Reporter" with a call. Mr. Mackey was around looking after the interests of the railroad.

——Rev. W. K. Foster and wife took advantage of the excursion and are spending this week at Watkins Glen and Niagara Falls.

——The weather was quite hot the last six or eight days and people are wishing for rain to lay the dust, cool the atmosphere and help the corn.

——Editor Schoch of the Mifflinburg *Telegraph* gave us a fraternal call, having been in camp with the the G. A. R. boys at Bellefonte, playing soger.

——Mr. Emanuel Musser, in College township, threshed 40 bushels of wheat to the acre. Mr. McGirk, on the Humes farm in same township also threshed 40 bushels of wheat to the acre.

——Rev. S. F. Greenhoe, of Kelley Cross Roads, Union county, will preach in the Lutheran church, Centre Hall, on Sunday forenoon, 24th; and at Tusseyville in afternoon of same day.

——The Democratic county ticket has two one armed men, Woodward for assembly and Chas. Smith for Treasurer, and one with a short leg, Mr. Bible, for recorder, who, notwithstanding, will far outrun his sound-legged competitor.

—Mr. Samuel Mingle died at his home, in Lock Haven, and was buried at Rebersburg on Monday. Mr. Mingle was a brother of H. A. Mingle, of Aaronsburg, and some 20 years ago was a citizen of Haines township. His age was about 65 years.

——Sammy Foust again made a gallant run for Sheriff and came within a dot of making it, much to the regret of his many friends who would have been pleased to see Sammy be Sheriff Foust. Mr. Foust has been one of the best working Democrats of Miles.

——The number of candidates for county offices was large, and we are pleased to note that with one or two exceptions fair-play and good feeling was maintained bewteen all, and that there was less of the old-time gouging and throat-cutting. We are pleased to note this, and trust that such practices may be among the "lost arts" in the future.

—— Stettler's Middleburg band passed through this place on Saturday, with members of the Mifflinburg and Middleburg Posts, G. A. R, and took dinner at the Centre Hall hotel. The band complimented the REPORTER with a serenade, and gave us a sample of its ability to discourse first class music. The members are all first class, good looking fellows, and need not be ashamed to blow anywhere.

——Rev. John Harpster, of Trenton, N. J., a native of Centre Hall, is visiting relatives here. Brother Harpster, it will be remembered, spent several years in India, as a missionary, where he did a great and good work among the heathen. He is an able minister of the Lutheran church, and has a desire to return to India again, having a love for the labor of converting the heathen. He is a true self-sacrificing Christian.

——The track on the railroad will be completed to Oak Hall by September 10, possibly by end of this month, as contractor VanDyke tells us. The distance to that point being about two miles yet. The railroad officials have already inspected the road and agree to take it off the contractor's hands, and soon as Oak Hall is reached regular trains will begin to run from Lewisburg through to Oak Hall, which every reader of the REPORTER will be rejoiced to know. From this information, which we take to be reliable, we expect to have regular trains running by middle of September.

——Mrs. Witmer, widow and second wife of Henry Witmer, of this place, died on last Monday afternoon, from cancer of the throat, from which she had been suffering for the last six months She bore her sufferings with the fullest Christian resignation, and departed quietly in the expectation of a future bliss. She was a devout member of the Presbyterian church, and a kind neighbor. Her maiden name was Tate and her first husband was ex-sheriff Thompson, of Clinton county, whose widow she remained some thirty years, when she became the wife of Henry Witmer, of this place, who died some four years ago. Her funeral took place here on Thursday, and was largely attended. She leaves an only daughter, Miss Maggie Thompson.

——Go to A. C. Mingle's boot and shoe store, Bellefonte, if you want to find a fine assortment of latest styles plain and fancy goods. Prices are such as to suit all.

——The attention of voters throughout the county is called to the following: Last day of being assessed and registered, Thursday, September 4; last day for paying taxes, Saturday, October 4; last day for being naturalized, Saturday, Oct. 4; election, Tuesday, Nov. 4.

——One good effect resulting from the encampment of the Penn'a Reserves in this county here was to lift it from a great depression—there were so many defeated candidates that every part of the county was resting under a depression for the spilled milk of its favorite son. Welcome the Penn'a Reserves.

——The Philad. Branch supplies the people of Centre county with the best clothing that can be obtained. The goods are all the very best make, and give satisfaction in every case. The prices are intended for those who want to get good clothing at reasonable prices, and are lower than at any other establishment in Centre county. Give them a call.

—Mr. John Musser, Jr., of near Pine Grove Mills, has the thanks of the REPORTER for a box of fine pears. May Mr. Musser always have an abundance of that kind, as well as other fruit.

— Do you need a pair of good boots or shoes, or anything in the shoe line? You can find just what you want at A. C. Mingle's boot and shoe store, Bellefonte. Everything first-class, and at very reasonable figures.

——The best suits of ready-made clothing are always to be found at the Philad. Branch, and the stock is large, well assorted and contains all of the latest styles of clothing. No shoddy is kept in this place, and purchasers can depend upon securing something first class when they call at the Philad. Branch. It is the aim of Lewins to have every buyer become a regular customer, and that he succeeds is attested by the crowds that always throng his place of business. Reader, if you have never been in at Lewins' great clothing store, you are missing the best part of your life. By all means call, even if you do not care to purchase. Visitors are always welcome.

— Messrs. John Stenninger and John Buffington, of the *Post* office, Middleburg, gave us a call, along with Dr. Hassinger, Middleburg's most genial and handsome physician.

——Capt. Jones, of the Tyrone *Herald*, called in to see us. The Captain was enjoying the encampment at Bellefonte along with the other boys, and skipped across the mountain to visit Mr. J. C. Boal and other relatives in our valley.

——Centre Hall was enlivened the past week on account of the encampment at Bellefonte. Knowing that several G. A. R. posts would pass through on their way to Bellefonte, quite a number of buildings were decorated and a large flag suspended over the street. Many of the veterans visited the cave and points of interest in the valley. Those who stopped at Centre Hall always were jolly and full of fun. One party took the mirror, brushes, etc., from Meyer's hotel, and the next day were seen carrying them around camp as one of their trophies.

——It is a very easy matter to find fault with walks and pavements of a town, but the condition of those in Centre Hall is by no means a credit to the place. At several points the walks have been torn up entirely, and at others it is not safe to pass over them at night. Property holders ought to take some means to repair and put the walks in better condition. Several years ago we could boast of pretty fair walks, but today we have to be ashamed of them.

——Mr. J. C. Rumberger, station agent at Unionville, was struck by a train on Saturday and received some severe injuries.

John A. Woodward, one of the Democratic nominees for Assembly, is a farmer of Howard township. He is fully versed in public affairs and a fair speaker. His nomination on first ballot indicates his popularity with the people. He is a life-long Democrat, having done yeoman service in the ranks, and stood by us through the darkest hours when others were battling to tear down the Democratic temple and build up over its ruins the rule of mob law and oppression, and now when the party is again gaining its foot-hold Mr. Woodward is tendered a fitting reward for past services in the nomination for Assembly.

Leonard Rhone, the other nominee on our ticket for Assembly, is also a farmer, residing in Potter. Against Mr. Rhone's character, as with hundreds of Democrats, nothing damaging can be said. He is the head of the organization of grangers and has their almost united support, save those of Republican proclivities. He has only recently come over to the Democratic party—in 1882, as the *Watchman* says—and to receive recognition so soon must, no doubt, be highly gratifying to the second nominee on the Democratic Assembly ticket, and impress him all the more strongly that in throwing away the mantle of his former Republicanism, he has taken a step in the right direction. There is room for more.

AN ALTOONA BLAZE.

Altoona, Pa., August 17.—At 4:30 o'clock this afternoon a fire broke out in the office of the *Sunday Morning*, and has terminated in a largest fire that Altoona has witnessed for a long time. Before the flames could be subdued the following business places fell a victim to the fiery element: *Sunday Morning* office, W. H. Kepler's cigar store, A. Leubber's confectionery store, A. K. Lackey & Co's queensware store, John Stable's hotel, J. Steir, tobacconist; L. Metz's dry goods store, several stables and outbuildings. The loss will probably reach $50,000. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

——In turning the engine on the turntable at Spring Mills, Monday, it accidently ran off the track.

THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

Bellefonte Lively and full of Soldiers.

This is a big week for Bellefonte. The Grand Army boys of the state pitched their camp on Saturday and will remain the greater part of this week. The number present is 1200 to 1500 with tents pitched on the fair ground. The town is handsomely decorated—Bellefonte never does things by halves. The boys are enjoying themselves immensely and thus far have been well behaved: There are about a dozen brass bands present from different parts of the state. The camp has been named Camp Curtin, in honor of the great war governor.

The national officers are: Surgeon General, W. D. Hall of Altoona and Quartermaster General, John Taylor, of Philadelphia. The State Department is represented by Commander F. H. Dyer; Senior Vice Commander, Austin Curtin; Junior Vice Commander, Daniel Caldwell; H. G. Williams, Assistant Quartermaster General; Colonel E. Sellers and W. C. Johnson, Council of Administration; Aid-de-Camps, Rigg, Boyer, Elliott and McCormick.

The town was a perfect jam on Saturday. The soldiers marched to the court-house yard where Gov. Curtin delivered an address of Welcome. He said:

I am assigned the very agreeable duty of welcoming you to Bellefonte. I welcome you for Centre county, I welcome you for Pennsylvania, I welcome you, veterans of the war, for the great government you have saved to liberty and equality for all humanity. Veterans of war, we have met before some twenty years since. I gave you the blue uniform and the classic eagle of liberty. I handed the regiments of Pennsylvania the flag of the State and sent you to service to serve liberty to humanity in this country and teach liberty to all the world. Early in the war the government of Pennsylvania determined that the flag should have the coat-of-arms of this great loyal State in the field and surrounded by stars and the thirteen stripes of the National Government. I gave that flag to over three hundred thousand men myself. Two hundred and seventeen flags and only two were lost in the struggle, for the flag of the nation was taken and borne by strong, stalwart and patriotic men of Pennsylvania, who preserved the flag of this great State, brought it back and it remains in the archives of this State at Harrisburg now. I saw you all once before and you saw me. I gave you the flag, the emblem of our nationality and power and liberty, and thanks be to God it was never stained by cowardice. [Cheers and applause.] And when Pennsylvania decided that the orphans of the soldier should be maintained and educated my heart went out in thanks for the great benevolence. [Cheers.]

The imposing feature of the encampment is the evening parade. During the day-time the boys stroll about town, some go on excursion to the cave, to the mountain above Centre Hall and to Snow Shoe, and have various other ways of enjoying themselves.

MURDERING MORMON ELDERS.

Nashville, August 14.—A dispatch from Centreville corroborates the report of the murder of Mormons in Lewis county by masked men Sunday. The raiding party numbered about forty. The house of Martin Condon, where the Mormon meeting was in progress, was forced open. At the door they were encountered by Martin Condon, armed with a gun. In the effort to disarm him, one of the raiders was struck with a gun, unmasking him, but he drew a pistol and shot Condon in the bowels. Condon was shot again with buckshot and killed instantly. At the same instant another of the attacking party fired upon a Mormon elder named Gibbs, who was partly hidden behind the wife of old man Condon, hitting Gibbs and severely wounding Mrs. Condon in the thigh. He then fired his remaining load at a Mormon elder named Berry, hiding behind a bed, killing him instantly. Another Mormon elder, who was in the house, ran out by a back door and was pursued. After killing Berry three masked men started and just as they got out of the house J. E. Hudson fired and killed Dave Henson, one of the masked men. One of Henson's party stood over the body and fired two loads of buckshot at Hudson, literally riddling him. The Mormons in fear of another attack did not make a search until Monday, when they found the Mormon that ran away from Condon's house dead. It is rumored that another missing elder has been found dead. The Mormon elders claim to have been sent here direct from Utah to make converts and establish churches.

The bane of local politics is the attempted trading off of whole townships without the consent of the voters themselves—some districts are traded—or promised—to one, two, three and four candidates and the good voters never dream that they are held to be so many cattle for barter, and after the convention comes the complaint of being cheated and goods not delivered. We trust for the good of the party that these practices will grow less—they always produce discord.

A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.

Madrid, Aug. 18.—A terrible plague of locusts has visited central Spain. The damage to crops about Ciudad Real is placed at $10,000,000.

General Butler believes he can poll 2,000,000 votes. Why, cert'nly. There are Ben and Charles A. Dana—they are 2—and all the other 000,000 will be easy enough to pick up almost anywhere.—Chicago News.

Ferguson township is receiving fitting recognition at last, she has an associate judge, and will have the prothonotary and sheriff. No sensible Democrat will be granny enough to grumble about it, but support the ticket in earnest. We'll all stick to Ferguson, because her Democracy is true as steel.

☞Decorative Act.—Explicit directions for every use are given with the Diamond Dyes. For dyeing mosses, grasses, eggs, ivory, hair, &c. 10c druggists keep them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

FIRE AT ANOKA, MINN.

St. Paul, August 17.—For the fourth time in its history the city of Anoka has been fire-stricken, and the entire business portion, for the second time, entirely wiped out of existence. At this time it is impossible to more than roughly approximate the great loss, which is placed by the most conservative at $1,900,000 at least.

——For the present tracklaying has been suspended, until the bridges are in proper shape.

A SENSATION.

[Mt. Union Times.]

Mount Union had quite a sensation the other week. The Fast Line on Wednesday evening brought to our town a run-away couple, consisting of a middle-aged married man and a young woman, and the next train brought the indignant wife of the elder of the twain. The run-away couple stopped at the American house and engaged a room for the night. The young woman was about 21 years of age, good looking, and gave her name as Smith, claiming to hail from Buffalo, N. Y. The man was Irvin Wilkie, of Reedsville, Mifflin county, Pa.

The girl said she had been corresponding with Mr. Wilkie and had come on from Buffalo to marry him, and had come here with him from Lewistown for that purpose, having met him at Lewistown. The wife came on the Huntingdon accommodation. There was fire in her eyes and she did not want for words. She denounced her husband and the girl in unmeasured terms. Finding them sitting together in the parlor of the American house she took up the organ stool to strike the girl, but her husband took it out of her hands, and then beat an inglorious retreat, denying as he went that Mrs. Wilkie was his wife, but leaving the poor girl to her fate. A crowd was soon gathered on the side walk and at the railroad station, and more than one careful wife looked around to see whether her husband was still safe.

The wife notified Mr. Crownover not to harbor the two, then called on Police man Printz to have him arrest them, but left for Lewistown on the train without waiting to get a warrant. She said her husband was a candidate for Sheriff of Mifflin county and that he had told her he was going away on an electioneering tour. She had followed him unobserved to the station, found that he met the girl and got tickets to Mt. Union, and she followed on the next train. The couple were ordered to leave the American house. The girl went to the Seibert house for the night and took the morning train for the west. Wilkie must have left during the night as he was not seen again.

Two days after came a Mr. Wolfkeil from Reedsville or Milroy, purporting to be the uncle of the girl. He said she was from near Reedsville, that he had partly raised her, and, not finding her here, he returned to Lewistown for the purpose of arresting Wilkie. We learn that he had him arrested and that he has given bail for a hearing. Policeman Wimer, of Lewistown, was here and subpoenaed Messrs. Charles Printz, W. T. Bell, S. F. Nightsinger and Wm. Bice as witnesses to appear at the hearing.

[We learn that a compromise has since been effected.]

TEN PERSONS KILLED.

St. Petersburg, August 14.—A terrific explosion occurred in the Government powder factory at Kasan, this morning, completely demolishing the building and killing ten persons and badly injuring 40 others. All kinds of rumors are afloat regarding the cause of the explosion, many attributed it to Nihilists, while others assume that it was the result of a workman's carelessness.

BURYING CHOLERA VICTIMS ALIVE.

Paris, August 14.—There were fifteen deaths from cholera at Arles and one at Aix during the past night. The report from various towns for yesterday is as follows: At Beziers, one death; at Montady, one; at Cette, five; at La Ville Diau, ten. Grave diggers at Les Omergues noticed a slight movement on the part of two supposed corpses. By the application of friction circulation was restored and the persons recovered.

A PREACHER KILLS HIS WIFE AND HIMSELF.

Chicago, August 12.—Information has just been received here from the northern suburb of Lake View that the Rev. H. M. Collision, pastor of the Fullerton avenue Presbyterian church, shot his wife and then himself this afternoon. Both are dead.

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

Wichita, Kansas, August 12.—A special from Platte county says: About daybreak, on 9th, J. D. Daniels got up, dressed himself and took a revolver and went to the bed when his wife was sleeping and deliberately blew her brains out. Turning to a bed in the same room occupied by two of his daughers he shot the eldest, inflicting, what he thought to be, a fatal wound. He then blew his own brains out.

YELLOW FEVER AT KEY WEST.

Key West, Fla., August 15.—Fifteen cases of yellow fever have been reported from the United States steamer Galena and sent to the hospital.

OFFICEHOLDERS.

The office held by the kidneys is one of importance. They act as nature's sluice-way to carry off the extra liquids from the system and with them the impurities both those that are taken into the stomach and those that are formed in the blood. Any clogging or inaction of these organs is therefore important. Kidney-Wort is nature's efficient assistant in keeping the kidneys in good working order, strengthening them and inducing healthy action. If you would get well and keep well, take Kidney-Wort.

No one, better than the mothers, knows the amount of persuasion, threatenings and force required to induce children to take, when necessary, a dose of the nauseating, sickening worm syrups; no one more highly appreciates the virtues of McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders than mothers. So pleasant and easy to take, so effective as a worm destroyer, the dose so small that the children never know they are taking a medicine. There is nothing in the shape of a vermifuge that can compare with them. Don't be deceived. Take no other. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.

For sale by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
20a2 Philadelphia Agents.

Boils, pimples, skin grubs, black maggots, eruptions, scaly skin, etc., indicate poisonous blood, and besides being disagreeable to you, afflicted reader, they are unpleasant to your friends and those compelled to come in contact with you; you owe it as a duty to your health and your friends, to take a bottle or two of McDonald's Great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative, and be more pleasant and agreeable to look at. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
20a2 Philadelphia Agents.

HORRORS OF THE ARTIC.

The Acts of Cannibalism by the Greely Survivors Talked of Freely.

"Here, on this very spot, one of the survivors held us through all one night telling, if words can tell, of his first taste of human flesh. He would give years of his life to forget it, but he said, that first tase, the sensation of having between his teeth the flesh of one who had been once his friend, was with him always. Walking or sleeping he seemed to feel his lips pressing the smooth, flabby meat that must be choked down somehow if he would live. And then the inhuman, savage way of getting it! Each feeder upon such food must cut off his own shreds of flesh. No friend will be found to perform this horrible office. Every man, if he would eat, must necessarily be his own butcher. And these cannibalistic orgies, these midnight-feasts, were secret. The little beaten path, worn smooth between the graveyard and the wretches' tent, told its own tale. But every dweller in that tent shut his eyes and refused to see. Body after body was stripped of flesh, but none of those that trod that little path dared speak of this. No man asked a question at the too common sight of a starving wretch, creeping up to the only fire at midnight, carrying in his hand a strip of flesh. As he thrust this into the flame on the end of a pointed stick, no one of his companions says a word. And when tearing the smoking flesh with his teeth, he lies down and another of the would-be sleepers rises up and goes silently down that mysterious path, knife in hand. It is easy to guess his horrid purpose.

And the after effects of these ghastly feasts were as awful as the descent upon the mangled corpses. The mere thought of what they had eaten brought on nausea, and in their weak state the stomach refused to retain this human flesh. Is it wonderful that these men will carry that sensation of chewing human flesh forever? 'I hope and pray I may forget it when I die,' was the only prayer the wretched cannibal could truly pray. It was his heaven of heavens—to forget that awful, sickening taste."

And so the officer went on telling in his own way all he had heard.

For earache, toothache, sore throat, swelled neck, and the result of colds and inflamation, use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the great pain destroyer.

Adolf Halloz, carriage manufacturer, 119 Carroll Street, Buffalo, N. Y., states: I was troubled with nausea of the stomach, sick headache, and general debility. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me.

A very valuable addition to the telephone is reported. The new device is a hard rubber mouth-piece or trumpet attached by a nickle-plated bracket to the telephone. By its use it is said, that a mere whisper is loud enough for any telephone, and a person standing five feet from the speaker would be unable to hear the conversation.

As a sure remedy for sick-headache, sour stomach, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, torpid liver, biliousness, etc., no medicine is equal to Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. N. H. Downs' Elixir is the oldest and best cough remedy in existence. Bruises, scalds, burns, cuts, sprains, etc., either on man or beast, are speedily cured by the use of Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment. a't

When the veterans of the G. A. R. get new uniforms they will very likely give the Philad. Branch the order, because every one of the veterans who dropped in at Lewins' during the encampment was pleased with the goods, prices and everything, and left promising to call in a body when they would want new suits. Lewins is the King clothier of Central Penna.

——A rich yellow sugar 4 pounds for 25 cents. Best granulated sugar, 8 cents per pound. A good sugar syrup at 40c per gallon. A light colored, heavy body, pure sugar syrup, at 50 cents. This is the best bargain in syrups ever offered in Bellefonte. Best New Orleans Syrup, 80 cents a gallon. 1 pound Baker's baking powder, 25 cents. This is as good powder as any in the market. Try a pound. Arbuckle's coffee, three pounds for 50 cts. Mild full cream cheese, 18c per pound Canned tomatoes for 7c per can, corn 7c per can, peas 7c per can, beans 7 cts. per can. Just received, new crop maple sugar in bricks. Best brands of smoking and chewing tobacco. Kennedy's Boston crackers, biscuits and jumbles always fresh. We have just received our spring stock of fine new mackerel, which we are selling out at the lowest possible price for good goods. 10 lb Kits No. 2 Shore mackerel $1, 40 pounds same $4, 80 pounds same $7.50. 10 pound Kits No. 2 Extra $1.25, 12 pounds same $1.35. 10 lb Kits No. 1 Shore mackerel $1 50, 15 lb same 2 00, 40 lb same 5 00, 80 lb same 9 50. 15 lb Kits No. 1 extra 2 25, 40 lb same 5 50, 10 lb Kits No. Extra mess Shore mackerel 2 25, 15 lb same 3 00 100 lbs Labrador Herring 4 00, 100 lbs Portland Roe Herring 3 50. These goods were bought from the Boston packers direct, and are guaranteed both in quality and weight as branded on each package We are selling a good Young Hyson tea for 40 cents per pound. We are offering good bargains in sugars, syrups, canned goods and mackerel. Our meat market is always well stocked with the best. We are now killing cattle that weigh 1200 to 1500 pounds, and the best mutton and veal to be found.

SECHLER & Co., Bellefonte.

DIED.

In Milroy, Sunday, August 6, Jacob Krise, aged 72 years, 8months, 6 days.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, August 18, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	51¼	—64
Wheat	"	76¼	—87
Oats	"	24¼	—
Pork	"	27.00	
Lard	"	7.72½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	75
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 14; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Corn	60
Wheat, mix	90	Oats	40

(Corrected weekly by L. L. BROWN.)

Produce—Butter 12, eggs 15, ham 14 shoulders 12, sides 12½, lard 10, potatoes 40—by Valentines' Store.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letter of administration upon the estate of Jonas Boal late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

LEVI STUMP, Adm'r,
20augot Tusseyville, Penn'a.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—Letters of administration upon the estate of Dr. G. W. Kline, late of Potter township, dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN KLINE, Adm'r,
20augot Bellefonte, Penn'a.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. Adam Hoy, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. R. Smith and the Hon. J. G. Larrimer, Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 1st day of Aug., 1884, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Aug. next, being the 25th day of Aug. 1884, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Aug. in the year of our Lord 1884, and the one hundred and seventh year of the Independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE Sheriff

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Blaine** By Wm. Ralston Balch, assisted by the distinguished candidate himself. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Republican party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; free trade; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Logan.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once. THAYER, MERRIAM & Co.,
6 ug10t 823 Arch St., Philad'a

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a very desirable home for sale, on the old Lewistown road, two miles west of Centre Hall. There are 36 acres of land, with good buildings, choice fruit, and excellent water. Terms reasonable. WM. HORNER,
6augt Centre Hall, Pa.

NOTICE.—All persons who have subscribed to the Potter Township railroad right-of-way guarantee fund are requested to pay 50 per cent. of their subscription to Wm. Wolf & Son, Centre Hall, between this date and 20th instant.

By order of
August 6, 1884. BOND SIGNERS.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOEZER.

SALESMEN WANTED

A few good, reliable men to act as AGENTS for the sale of our NEW FRUITS AND SPECIALTIES! together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK. Previous experience not essential. ☞LIVE, ACTIVE MEN EARN GOOD WAGES. For terms, address, giving full name, age and reference,

HOOPES, BROTHER & THOMAS,
20augt West Chester, Penn'a.

!!THE OLD STAND!!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.

We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF **Cloths and Cashimeres.**

Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIES WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS,

WM. WOLF & SON.

AT A MEETING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE BAR of Centre County the following order was made:

And now, July 25, 1884, the members of the Bar having continued the entire civil list of causes for the second week of August Term, it is ordered that the second week of said term be dispensed with, and that there be holden but one week of the several courts of, in and for the county of Centre at August term next, and it is further ordered that the Prothonotary publish this order in the several county papers, and that the Sheriff of Centre county will summon no more jurors for said second week, and that he notify them already summoned not to appear. ADAM HOY, P. J.

Certified from the Record this 25th day of July, A. D., 1884. J. C. HARPER,
[SEAL.] Prothonotary.

AUGUST COURT.

Grand Jurors.—Huston, D Irvine, S Saxton.....Philipsburg, W E Irwine, C H Faulkner, E O Mattern.....Gregg, S J Herring, H P Heckman.....Union, H Potts, O Underwood.....Penn, Daniel Kerstetter.....Ferguson, J N Campbell.....Potter, B H Arney, Wm. Bower, John Harter.....Marion, Dan'l Harper, John Sutler.....Burnside, Wm. Craft.....College, W H Tibbens.....Benner, Geo. Kline.....Harris, H Weber.....Bellefonte, J J Olewine.....Taylor, H Davis.....Worth, A Sterner.

Traverse, First Week.—Bellefonte, J H Dobbins, J V Thomas, S H Williams, J J McClure, G Marshall, T Gordon.....Snow Shoe, W Haines, T Eckly.....Benner, S A Marshall, C Dale, jr., W P Eckly.....Gregg, Ph. Shook, Wm. Lose, Wm. Weaver, S Bible.....Penn, Joseph Kleckner.....Millheim, G W Stover.....Ferguson, Wm. Maffat, A G Archy, J W Ellenberger, R Crider.....Spring, E G Osmer, D Sharrar, N P Weaver.....Liberty, Wm. Stover, N Kunes.....Halfmoon, G Loner.....Miles, Jonath Spangler, Jer. Jones, Reub Stover, Ben Beck, David Shafer.....Rush, J T Everly.....Walker, W Struble, F Emerick, John Breon, R F Holmes, Joseph Emerick.....Burnside, C Veldefer.....Howard, Wm. Eckly.....Philipsburg, R E Munson, S D Royer, H O Hoffer.....Potter, H D Van Pelt, Geo. Emerick, M Derstine.....Milesburg, G W Campbell.....Haines, Fr. Limbert.

NOTICE.—The following property was bought at Constable's sale, August 9, 1884, by Geo. Meels: One cow, 2 hogs, ton of hay, cook stove, room stove, table, clock, bed, carpet, sink, and all the defendant's personal property and loaned to Geo. Horner; and hereby all persons are cautioned against meddling with the same in any manner.

20augt GEORGE MEELS.